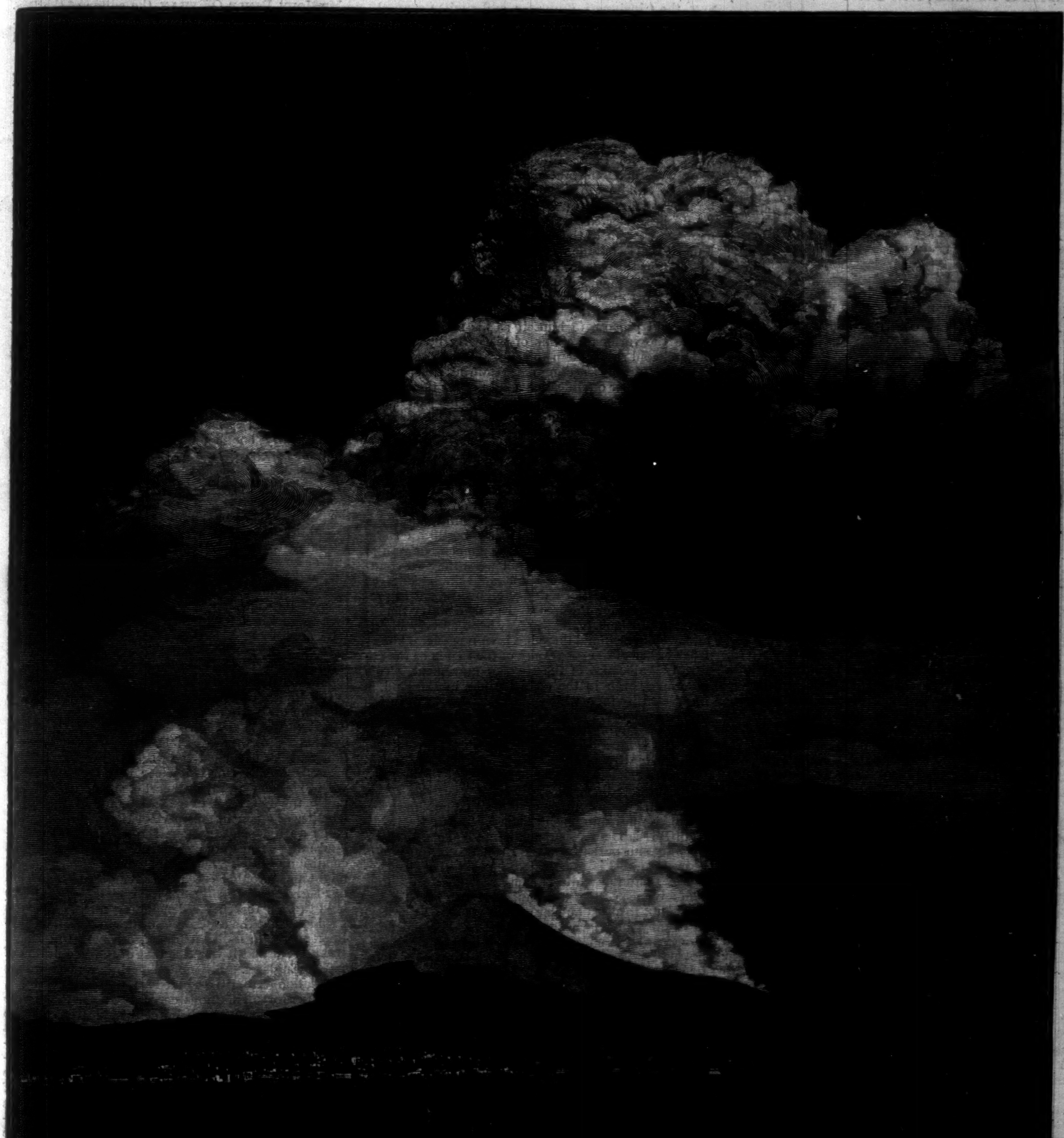
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXIX.—No. 1482.
Copyright, 1885, by Harper & Brothers.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1885.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.—From an Instantaneous Photograph.—[See Page 318.]

FRAUD.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers are informed that persons falsely representing themselves to be agents for Harper's Periodicals are soliciting subscriptions to Harper's Weekly, Harper's Magazine, Harper's Bazar, *and* Harper's Young People, *at unauthorized rates, giving receipts in the name of* Harper & Brothers.

To prevent the loss of money by such misrepresentations, it is requested that, in purchasing from parties assuming to represent Harper & Brothers, *payment be made by Bank Draft or Post-office Money-Order, payable to the order of* Harper & Brothers, *New York.*

"Harper's Young People deserves to be successful. The pictures are first-rate. All young people will be charmed with them, and with the short humorous stories."—*Literary World, London.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

The opening illustration to the current number is an engraving of remarkable delicacy and grace by Frank French, *entitled*

"THE COMING OF THE ROSE,"

accompanied by a poem by Margaret E. Sangster.

The serial stories now running are supplemented by one of Jimmy Brown's amusing experiences, under the title of "A Surprise Party," and by a striking short story by Julian Magnus, *called "Jack's Sister."*

In "A Chat about Camp Chocorua," Miss Mary Bacon Martin *describes an educational experiment which should commend itself to parents no less than it has already done to the boys. The article is fully illustrated.*

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage stamps.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, May 16, 1885.

THE DEMOCRATIC OPPOSITION.

THE bitter feeling of Democratic hostility to the Administration which is evinced in the interview of Senator Eustis, of Louisiana, and in the attack of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, was inevitable if the Administration should persist in adhesion to the course which was announced by the President. If he had done what the opponents of his course advised, and had turned out every office-holder in the country, and filled his place with a Democrat, the Democrats who are now most hostile would have been most friendly. They would have proclaimed that a true era of reform had begun, and that the country and the Constitution were finally and completely saved. But while the satisfaction of such Democrats with a general change of the entire civil service in every grade can not be doubted, it is equally beyond doubt that an Administration which should receive the unconditional approval of Senator Eustis and the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and the whole legion of Democratic Bourbons would be contemptously swept from power by patriotic and intelligent voters at the next election.

That President Cleveland anticipated the protest and uproar in his party if he should follow his own plan of reform instead of what the Bourbons call "reform" is not to be doubted. By "reform" a Democratic Bourbon means turning out a Republican, however capable, honest, and experienced, and turning in a Democrat, capable and honest if God wills and it should so happen, but a Democrat. President Cleveland, however, means by reform the retention of subordinate employés who do not deserve dismissal, and the serving out of terms by other officers who do their work properly and do not offensively meddle with politics, and even the re-appointment of officers of that kind. This is a reform in the civil service far beyond any that has yet been known. No President since 1830 has ever dared to take a step like the re-appointment of the Postmaster of New York, and the departments under a party change have never so generally as now retained efficient subordinates. Such a policy pursued from conviction must necessarily convulse that part of the party of Administration which scorns it. If President Arthur's observance of the rules of the reform law, notwithstanding distinct violations of its spirit, cost him, as it certainly did cost him, his renomination by Republicans, how could President Cleveland expect to escape Democratic denunciation for his tenacious fidelity to his own principles? It is, in truth, a great mistake in the true interest of the public service not to re-appoint every satisfactory officer whose term expires. But this has not been the rule with Republican Administrations, even in dealing with Republican incumbents. In the spring of 1882, Mr. Butterworth, of Ohio, said that only 49 removals had been made during the nine months of the new Republican Administration. This was verbally true. But of 825 officers whose terms had expired only 428 had been re-appointed, and 397—or nearly fifty per cent.—had not been re-appointed, and this within the same party.

If President Cleveland, therefore, declines to re-appoint all Republican officers at the expiration of their terms, he does only what Republican Presidents have done, while his retention of satisfactory officers of the other party during their terms is a reform which has been witnessed under no previous Administration since that of John Quincy Adams. We repeat that such a course was sure to provoke the most savage hostility of the Bourbon Democrats, who think that politics is a mere scramble for the plunder of place, and that reform means the peremptory expulsion from office of every Republican. Yet we have no doubt that to abandon this course, and to adopt that which Messrs. Eustis, Collins, Gorman, Barnum, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and similar counsellors would prefer, would be to assure overwhelming Democratic defeat. To the argument that this is a Democratic Administration, and that these are Democratic leaders, and that Democratic workers ought to be rewarded, the answer is very practical and conclusive. If Mr. Cleveland had not been believed strong enough and sincere enough to resist the pressure of the Bourbon Democracy, and to trust the younger, fresher, sounder sentiment of his party, there would have been no Democratic Administration, because there were not Democratic votes enough to bring it into power, and the Independent vote would have been thrown for a third candidate—a course which would have elected Mr. Blaine. To say that President Cleveland, as the choice of a party, is bound in honor to carry out the wishes of the party, is to forget that he must decide for himself how to acquaint himself with the wishes of the party, and that under no circumstances can he be bound in honor to do what he believes to be injurious to the public welfare. If he should propose to himself as his main object to please the various factions of his party by blowing hot and cold rather than to command the confidence of the country by selecting and retaining subordinate officers for their qualifications and not for their political opinions, he would not harmonize his party, and he would alienate the public opinion which he most highly and most justly values.

THE LION AND THE BEAR.

Peace between England and Russia will be probably maintained. But the prolonged doubt in regard to the result of the situation in Afghanistan and the evident hesitation in precipitating hostilities show the profound consciousness of the momentous results that are possible should war between the two countries once begin. Russia has had all the advantages of the situation and of a despotic government in preparing herself for the issue. In this country the interest in Russian advances in Asia has been very slight, and even in England there has been no general knowledge either of the geography of the region or the political significance of the Russian movement. This ignorance, even in the official ranks in England, is illustrated by facts which Mr. Marvin relates in his interesting work, *The Russians at the Gates of Herat*, and Mr. Marvin, and the late Major Constable, in his little work upon *Afghanistan*, published in 1877, both show why Herat is the key of India. Meanwhile the chances of peace or war fluctuate, and suspicious negotiations continue.

The real probabilities of the situation, however, are to be studied in recent history. The general policy of Russia is no secret, and is not disguised. Russia wants an outlet from the Black Sea into the Mediterranean, that is, practically, the control of Constantinople. She also wants supremacy in Asia. Russian advance eastward from the Caspian into Turkestan is not inspired by mere restlessness and the wish to employ an idle army, and the sudden and swift movement from Merv southward to Afghanistan is not purposeless. Practically there is no barrier between Merv and Herat, and the Russian advance is nearer Herat than the British force. A carriage can be easily driven from Merv to Herat, and a railroad connecting Askabad—upon the Persian frontier below the Caspian—with Herat, and thence to India, would give Europe rail communication with India in about nine days. Meanwhile the railway systems of Russia and India are approaching rapidly, so that within a year or two they will be only a few hundred miles apart. It appears, also, that Russia had decided upon attacking India if the Berlin Congress had failed, and the feasibility and methods of such an attack have been long subjects of consideration in Russian military circles. There is no question that, whether for purposes of conquest or to compel acquiescence in her occupation of Constantinople, the Russian advance from Merv does not mean merely the extension and protection of Russian trade.

If, now, as the result of negotiation and delay, Russia withdraws from the position that she occupies upon or within the Afghan frontier, and renounces the Lessar line, it will be evident that for the present she has suspended her plans. But there is no doubt that the advance of General Komaroff was approved. It is, indeed, hardly possible that any English statesman can doubt the significance of the whole movement in Asia, and as the Afghans are an uncertain ally, and as the Russians count upon a mutiny in India whenever they make a serious and declared hostile demonstration, the situation is of the utmost sobriety for England. To avoid war, to satisfy English pride, and to restrain Russian encroachment at this juncture would be a stroke of more consummate statesmanship than has been seen for many a year. But to avoid war without sacrifice of honor or of any real possession, if it be possible, has been the duty and the aim of Mr. Gladstone, and every man who knows what war is and what its consequences are will heartily wish him success.

THE CHANCE FOR IRELAND.

Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, the editor of the Boston *Pilot*, is reported to have said, in regard to possible war between England and Russia, that it would necessarily benefit Ireland.

> "If it lasts a year or two without great concessions to Ireland, Ireland will declare her independence, organize a national government, and start for herself, completely free. I am sure that Ireland could be joined to the British Empire, voluntarily and loyally, by fair treatment, by giving her the national government of eighty-six years ago. England's own rapid growth in population in fifty years is largely owing to the enormous numbers of Irish within her own borders. There are proportionately more Irish and their descendants in England than in America. There are at least 1,000,000 Irish people in London. These scattered elements have one point of contact, one principle in common: love of Ireland, and hate of England."

This remark is surprising because it admits that imperial union with England upon Grattan's terms would now satisfy the demand and secure the loyalty of Ireland. This is certainly not the policy of the Dynamite party, which in case of a serious revolutionary movement would as certainly obtain the direction of affairs in Ireland as the *sans-culottes* obtained it in France.

The exact scope of the Grattan movement is best stated by Lecky, who is by far the most intelligent and reasonable of contemporary Irish commentators upon Ireland. Grattan asserted that the crown of Ireland was inseparably united to that of England, but that Ireland was a distinct kingdom, which could be rightfully bound only by her King, Lords, and Commons. Grattan held that the great grievances of Ireland were three: the British claim to legislate and exercise a right of final judicature; the power of the Privy Council to suppress or alter bills passed by the Irish Parliament; and the Mutiny Act, which placed the Irish army beyond the control of the Irish Parliament. Grattan also declared that Ireland had never expressed a desire to share the freedom of England without an equal profession of a determination to stand or fall with the British nation. For himself he said that, above all things, he wished, next to the liberty of his country, not to accustom the Irish mind to an alien or suspicious habit with regard to Great Britain, and the first vote of the independent Irish Parliament was a vote for the support of twenty thousand sailors for the English navy.

It is useless to point out the vital differences in the situation of to-day and that of a hundred years ago. Grattan would not have described England as Mr. O'Reilly describes her, as "the pirate and robber nation that has drenched the world in the blood of oppressed races." Nor is it clear why Ireland should wish to become an integral part of such a nation even under the Grattan Constitution, for in that case, whether as a constituent part of the British Empire, or as an independent state, the government of Ireland must be entirely reconstructed. In the present condition of affairs, whatever "concessions" England might make would be regarded as extortions that could not be resisted, and the inability to refuse would be held to be a reason for demanding more. There is no doubt that the concession of the independent Parliament was in itself an immense benefit to Ireland. Burke said that it was like that of the Revolution of 1688 to England. But more than three-quarters of the population were still excluded from all political rights, and there was enormous corruption. If there were some Irish leader now who could prepare a scheme of local government for Ireland which should aim at the same general results as that of the Grattan Parliament, and show England authoritatively and definitely what is demanded, a great advance would be made in the solution of one of the most perplexing of political problems. The present agitation produces nothing but exasperation, and merely postpones intelligent redress. No well-informed man denies the great wrongs of Ireland in the past, whose consequences survive. But there is no sign of an Irish disposition to co-operate with England in correcting these consequences.

THE CENSUS IN NEW YORK.

It would be a great misfortune if the census in New York should fail because of a party quarrel for patronage. This is a quarrel which obtrudes itself into every public interest, and more than anything else injures the public welfare. The Constitution of the State commands that a census shall be taken at the end of every ten years, and for sixty years the command has been obeyed. But this year it is known that the Governor, who is a Democrat, and the Secretary of State, who is a Republican, both desire the nomination for the Governorship from their respective parties, and each was unwilling to give to the other the advantage that might result from the appointment of three thousand enumerators. The Secretary claimed the right under the law of 1855 to select enumerators on or before the first Monday in May, and held that he could appoint virtually at pleasure. The Governor held that the enumerators were subject to the civil service law of 1883, and must pass an examination. The Secretary acquiesced, with the understanding that he should designate the candidates for examination, and the Civil Service Commission, in view of the character and temporary duration of the service, of the limited time, and of the expense, placed the enumerators in the schedule which requires only a pass examination.

The Governor was not satisfied with a method which virtually gave the patronage to the Secretary, and preferred a competitive examination, and as the authority of the rules of the Commission is derived from his approval, the change to a competitive examination was made, and the Legislature was asked to grant $7000 for the necessary cost. This the Legislature refused, and passed a bill like that under which the last census was taken, under which important statistics have been collected with the enumeration of the population. The total expense of the census of 1875 was about $307,000, and it is computed that the census of this year, upon the same basis, would cost about $400,000. But the Governor vetoed the bill upon the ground that the Constitution does not authorize the collection of statistics, and that the expense contemplated was therefore unjustifiable. If, however, the bill had included the amendment providing for the appointment of enumerators by competition, thereby depriving the Republican Secretary of State of the patronage of their designation, it is probable that the Democratic Governor would have signed a bill which Governor Tilden did not disapprove. On the other hand, if the passage of the competitive amendment had not deprived the Republican Secretary of the patronage, the Republican Legislature would have doubtless passed the amendment.

The veto was most unwise. The Governor's plan of appointment, indeed, had been defeated, but he should have fulfilled the mandate of the Constitution in the way which usage and the interests of the State have sanctioned. This, however, is a duty no less incumbent upon the Legislature, and the apparent determination to leave the census untaken, without an effort to reach an understanding with the Governor, who has declared his willingness to sign a bill providing for a simple enumeration, is an offense against the State. The reason alleged for this inaction is most discreditable. It is that a new apportionment for representation would result probably in a Republican loss in the Legislature. The situation, then, is this: the Governor vetoes the bill because it is not precisely what he wishes; the Legislature will not propose another which is not precisely what it wishes; and so, because neither side can be entirely satisfied in the method of taking the census, no census will be taken. The Governor is willing to yield competition if the Legislature will yield the collection of general statistics. A bill has been introduced by a Democrat providing for enumeration only, and the blame will rest upon the Legislature should it fail. The failure would be plainly a party blunder. It would be a greater advantage to be able to claim for the party that in the Legislature it tried to secure a proper and ample census, but was prevented by a Democratic Governor, and that, rather than suffer the census to be defeated, it assented to his limited view, than it would be to say that the Democratic Governor vetoed a proper bill, and then, rather than lose the chance of securing three or four members, the Legislature took no further steps, and allowed the census to fail.

THE BOSSES INSULTING UNION SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

We may yet be in time to say another word against the disastrous bill or amendment exempting soldiers and sailors from the operation of the Civil Service Act. Ostensibly the proposition favors them, because it provides that soldiers and sailors may be appointed without examination. But really it is a plan to exclude all soldiers and sailors but the favorites and parasites of political bosses, and its object is not to aid worthy soldiers, but to please the bosses, and to thrust the civil service back into their hands.

The present law provides that soldiers and sailors who pass the examination shall be preferred in appointments. That is a provision which enables every one of the 150,000 veterans in New York to present himself, and, without any political or personal influence, not to be excluded because of age or disability arising from military service. There are, however, but about 13,000 places. Under the proposed plan, therefore, only one in about eleven of the soldiers would have, not a place, but a chance to get a place, if he were willing to work for a boss.

But the imputation that the soldiers and sailors are probably less intelligent than other citizens, and would therefore fail in an examination, is a great insult. It was the pride of the country that the Union volunteers were the flower of its citizens. They know, as well as other citizens, the conditions of a sound civil service, and like other citizens they ask for no favors. It is but justice, as the law provides, that physical disability acquired in the field shall not set them aside. But such citizens do not ask that because they were sternly tried in one service, and proved to be fully competent, they shall be taken into another for which, by the assumption of this law, they can not prove their competence. Why should it be assumed that because they have served gallantly in the field, they are more ignorant and stupid than other citizens? The bill is a trick of political bosses, which they hope, by appealing to the general public regard for the Union soldier, will enable them once more to obtain control of appointments and removals for their own purposes. The soldier and the sailor are used merely as pawns to play the game of political bosses.

THE LEGISLATURE AND THE PRISONS.

Whatever reasons may be found for praising the conduct of the New York Legislature of this year, its treatment of the prison labor question can not be one of them. If the vote of two years ago upon the contract system be rightfully interpreted as a mandate to discontinue that system, it was the duty of the Legislature to do the best thing possible under the circumstances, and that was to adopt the piece-price system. A bill providing for both the piece-price and State-account system was lost, and the result is likely to be the worst possible, that is, complete idleness in some of the prisons.

Mr. Baker, the Superintendent of State-prisons, has informed the Legislature that $200,000 will be required in order to employ 375 idle convicts at Auburn. Already $500,000 has been appropriated for certain work at Clinton and Auburn on State account, and there is an unexpended balance of $80,000 for the same purpose. Thus $780,000 will be required to maintain the work until the 30th of September. For the following year, as we stated some time since, Mr. Baker estimated that about $1,100,000 will be necessary. In the present situation he may choose any plan of labor except that of the old contract system, which he may prefer, and which the appropriation will authorize.

The whole subject, however, like other most important questions, has been shirked by the Legislature. Government by party is inevitable under a popular system, but government by party, as we constantly see, tends to become government for party and not for the public welfare. The first question which the ordinary legislator asks himself when a subject is presented for legislation is, How will this affect my party? He is always fishing for this or that vote—for the labor vote, the Catholic vote, the liquor vote, the soldier vote—for every vote but that of citizens who wish honest and efficient administration, prompt legislation for good purposes, and the thorough correction of abuses. These, however, are the citizens who, in the end, control the government, or our whole scheme would be a dismal failure. Had there been a deeper consciousness of this truth, this Legislature would have adjourned with a better reputation than now awaits it. It had great opportunities, and it has lost most of them.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL AT ATHENS.

We have spoken more than once of the Archæological Institute of America, and of its interesting and important work, the establishment of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. The enterprise is one which for the first time brings the higher classical scholarship of this country into direct co-operation and comparison with that of Europe, and the results both in exploration and study are of the most gratifying kind.

The reports of Mr. Clarke and his associates of the explorations at Assos, and of Mr. Bandelier of the researches in New Mexico and Yucatan, are of the highest scholarly value and authority, and throw a great deal of light upon the vanished life of very different races. The latest publications of the Institute are a volume of papers of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, and the preliminary report of an archæological journey in Asia Minor in the summer of 1884, by J. R. S. Sterrett, Ph.D.

The volume contains six papers, two of which are devoted to inscriptions at Assos and Trallas, and are edited by Dr. Sterrett. This is the first publication of classical inscriptions collected under American auspices, and the American who can not read them in the original language can yet be justly proud that the ability of his country holds its own in the paths of difficult learning as in the more familiar arena of business affairs. Three other papers in the volume are devoted to the study of famous buildings in Athens, by students of the school, and the last paper is upon the battle of Salamis, by Professor Goodwin, of Cambridge, who was the first director of the school. The work of the school is in the hands of the ablest and most thorough scholars in the country, and its existence is a sign of an elevated interest in good scholarship, of which we may all be glad. The Institute depends for its prosperity upon the interest of generous friends, one of whom has just given three thousand dollars to its treasury, and upon the annual dues of its members, and its publications are models of good taste and of the most accurate supervision.

THE POE MEMORIAL.

It is a curious fact that Halleck and Poe secure their memorial statue and bass-relief in Central Park before Irving or Cooper or Bryant. Poe, indeed, owes his largely to the *esprit de corps* of the actors, who remembered that he was the son of an actress, and, as Mr. Booth said, "The American stage is proud and glad to have been the means of paying this tribute to American literature."

Mr. Woodberry's recent *Life of Poe*, one of the best in the series of the lives of American authors, tells the truth of Poe's personal career, and estimates his genius very highly. It was a very sad and wasted life, and, as it seems to us, a rather meretricious genius. There is, however, a feeling of pity which always attends such melancholy careers, and to that something of the sympathy which has raised the Poe memorial must be attributed. There was no veiling of the familiar facts in anything that was said, and the services were interesting and becoming.

Mr. Sullivan, who presided, concluded his address by naming the part of the Metropolitan Museum in which the Poe memorial is placed the Poets' Corner; and it would be interesting upon the walls of the museum of plastic and other art to collect memorials of artists in literature. But in the open gallery of the Park itself, where statues of Shakespeare, Scott, and Burns, and other masters, already stand, we yet hope to see the figures of the fathers of our literature who by birth or long residence are also associated with New York.

PERSONAL.

Two years ago a well-known broker down-town bought a $250,000 house on Fifth Avenue, fronting Central Park, and after furnishing it handsomely, moved into it with his family. He was president of a mining company. Within a year he lost his presidency, his mine, his home, and his money, and is now in control of a desk in a small room of an obscure lawyer's office on Broadway, sought only by his creditors. This is a typical case of life in the metropolis in 1885.

—The late N. P. Willis has been somewhat harshly treated by biographers and reviewers of late, but those who knew him best say that his heart was kind and his hand generous, especially to brother craftsmen. Willis never aspired to be a Thackeray or an Alphonse Daudet, and it is hard lines to trim him up to such a standard.

—The close physical resemblance of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to the Rev. Robert Collyer was much remarked a few days ago, when those gentlemen sat near each other on the stage of the Madison Square Theatre, at the Authors' Readings. Each has long flowing white hair, brushed back from a high forehead, a very florid complexion, a robust frame, and large features, and each is often mistaken for the other. They are much nearer alike in appearance than most brothers are, and sometimes at a public dinner can scarcely be distinguished apart, even by those who know them fairly well, save from the fact that the Rev. Mr. Collyer's head is surrounded by faint wreaths of smoke. They both sit erect when facing a crowd, and much more quiet than many younger men, Mr. Beecher resting his hands, one after the other, by placing them partly in his trousers pockets.

—Mr. John Bigelow is conducting a scheme for erecting in Central Park a monument to William Cullen Bryant. He does not advertise for contributions, but solicits them personally, though he expects soon to make a public statement of what he has done and what he desires. He was Mr. Bryant's associate both in the editing and the owning of the *Evening Post*, being at one time not only managing editor, but the possessor of one-fourth of the stock of that paper.

—Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson, author of *Pastoral Days*, is holding a series of Saturday afternoon receptions at his studio, No. 177 Montague Street, Brooklyn, and his visitors express their admiration of his water-color drawings by buying them. He sold several hundred dollars' worth the first day. Gibson's love of subtle beauties of rural out-doors is as fresh and ardent as a boy's love of a handsome pony, and his drawing, both on the block and on paper, is simply masterly. The fine qualities of his pictorial art appear also in his literary work. Mr. Gibson is the only painter of note who is a member of the Authors' Club.

—Commodore C. K. Garrison leaves his entire estate to his wife, his daughter, his grandchildren, his two brothers, his son-in-law, his nephew, and his sister, with no bequests to charities or public institutions. What he distributed in this direction was given during his lifetime.

—Mayor Grace has allowed a reporter of one of the newspapers to copy from his books a list of the applicants for several important positions that he is about to fill. It is an excellent practice, and might be followed with advantage by Secretary Bayard. Suppose, for instance, that Mr. Keiley's candidature had been made public in advance, and his claims canvassed by the press, how much trouble he and the administration would have escaped!

—Mr. Royal M. Pulsifer, one of the proprietors of the Boston *Herald*, has been reconstructing the interior of the library of his handsome, castellated residence at Auburndale. The ceiling is vaulted, and stained glass windows are introduced. It is a library, too, that has books in it.

—Colonel J. H. Mapleson, of her Majesty's Opera Company, is sometimes sneered at by journalists because of his affluent ability to secure free advertisement of himself. This seems ungrateful, when he has furnished so many of them gratuitously with piquant and remunerative "copy," as hundreds of self-supporting reporters can testify, who many a time have made ten dollars apiece by a fifteen minutes' talk with him.

—Tennyson's epitaph for the monument to Gordon in Westminster Abbey:

> "Warrior of God, man's friend, not here below,
> But somewhere dead in the far waste Soudan.
> Thou livest in all hearts; for all men know
> This earth hath borne no simpler, nobler man."

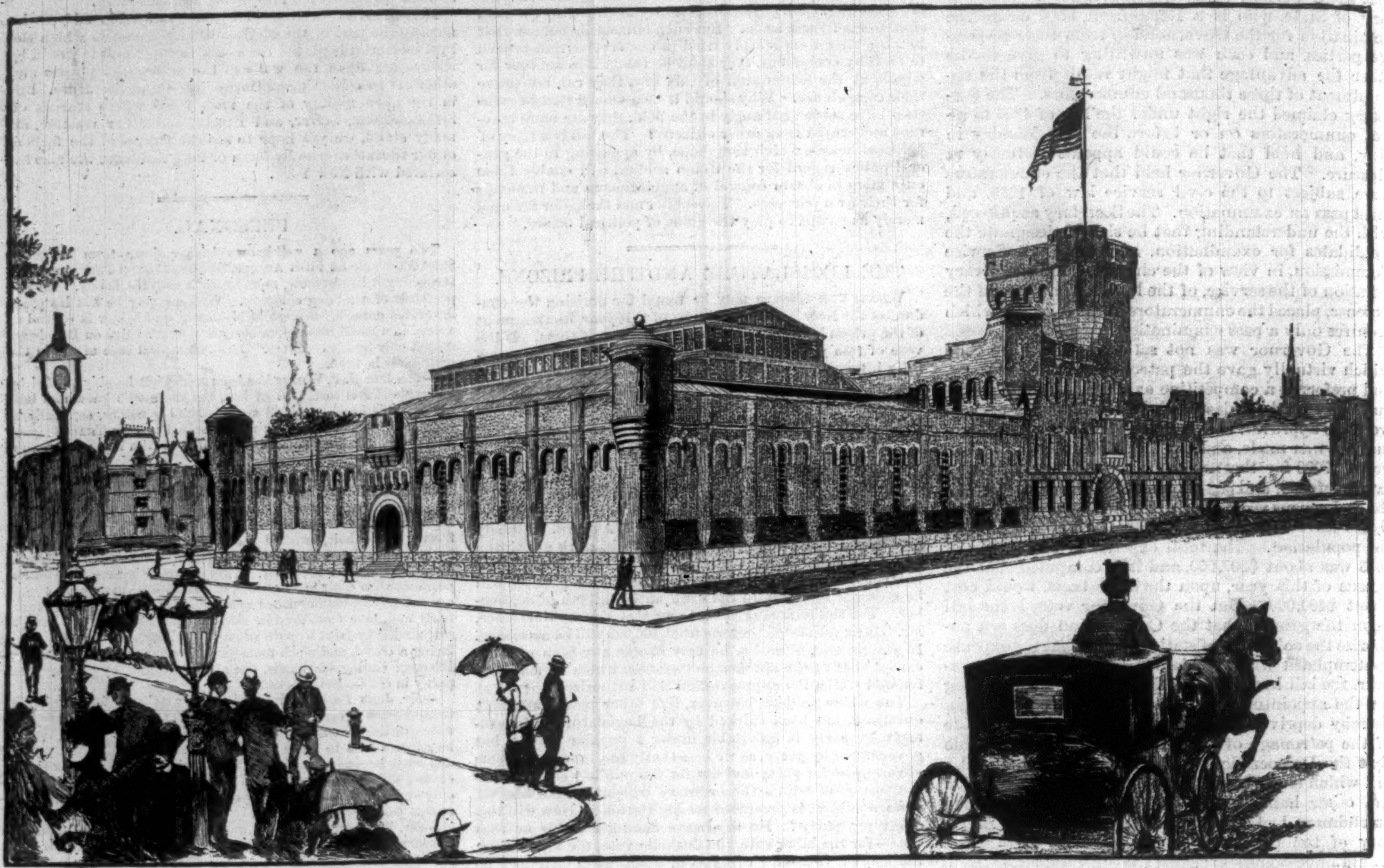
—The Lafayette M. E. Church, in Jersey City, was dedicated with impressive ceremonies on the 3d of May. Mr. M. H. Gillett, on behalf of the trustees, presented the building for dedication. Bishop Randolph S. Foster preached an eloquent sermon. The Rev. W. L. Hoagland is the popular pastor of the church.

—The New York *Herald* celebrated on Wednesday, May 6, the fiftieth anniversary of its birth, and the anniversary is made the occasion of many well-deserved congratulations. Commercially successful from the very beginning, the *Herald* has, within the past few years, under the management of the younger James Gordon Bennett, made great advances in dignity and influence, and has never stood higher than at present.

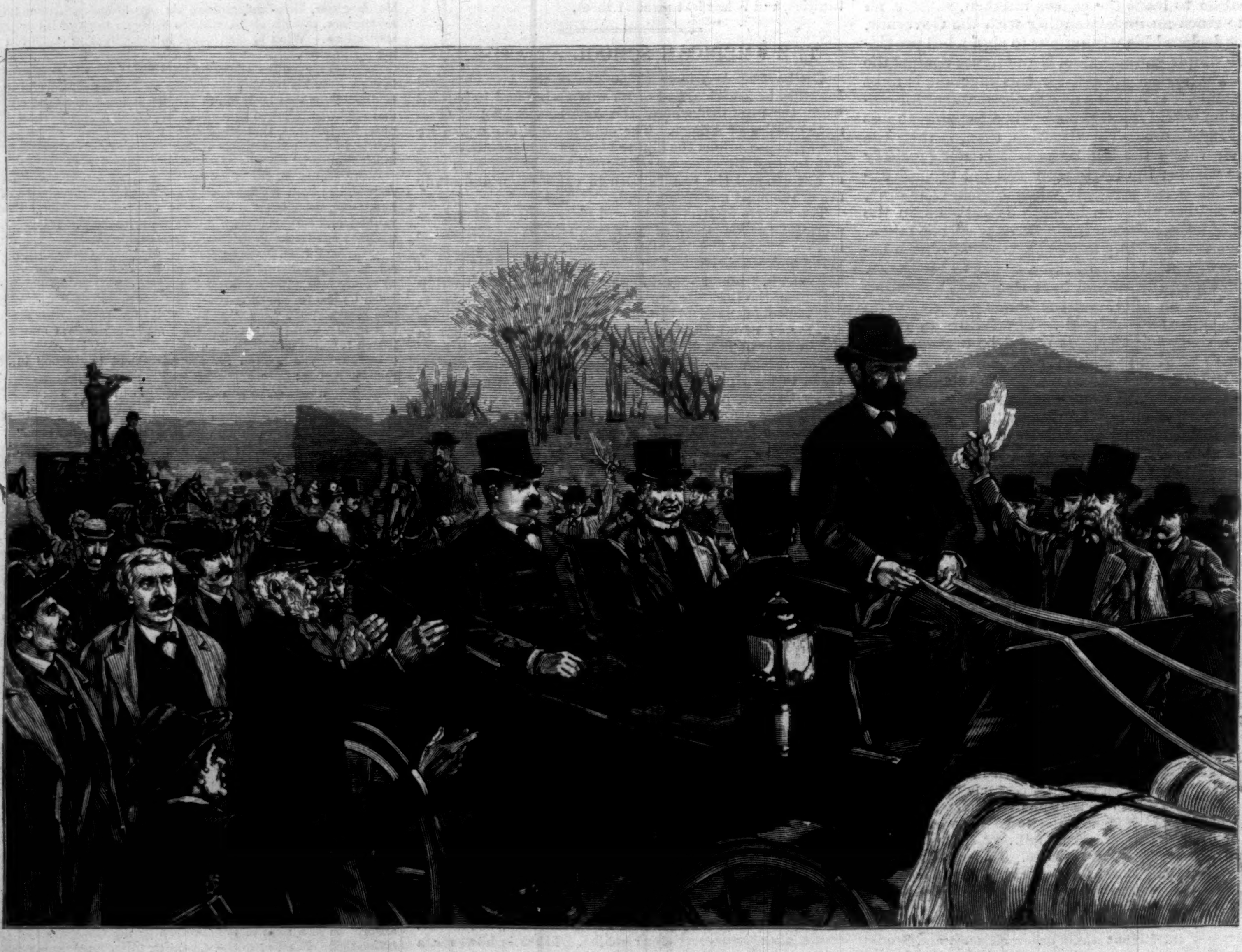
—The oldest lawyer in the United States is Mr. John Leveridge, of this city, who was admitted to the bar in 1811, and who fought in the war of 1812. About forty years ago he was Counsel to the Corporation, during the Mayoralty of Mr. James Harper. He is six feet tall, and until within a few weeks has been in excellent health. Only a few days ago, at the age of ninety-five, he argued an important case in court.

—Rev. John W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, recently gave to his congregation an interesting Sunday evening lecture on Oliver Wendell Holmes, of whose poem, "The Chambered Nautilus," he said: "We shall all agree, I think, that it is his most perfect poem. I do not know of anything more beautiful in any of our poets."

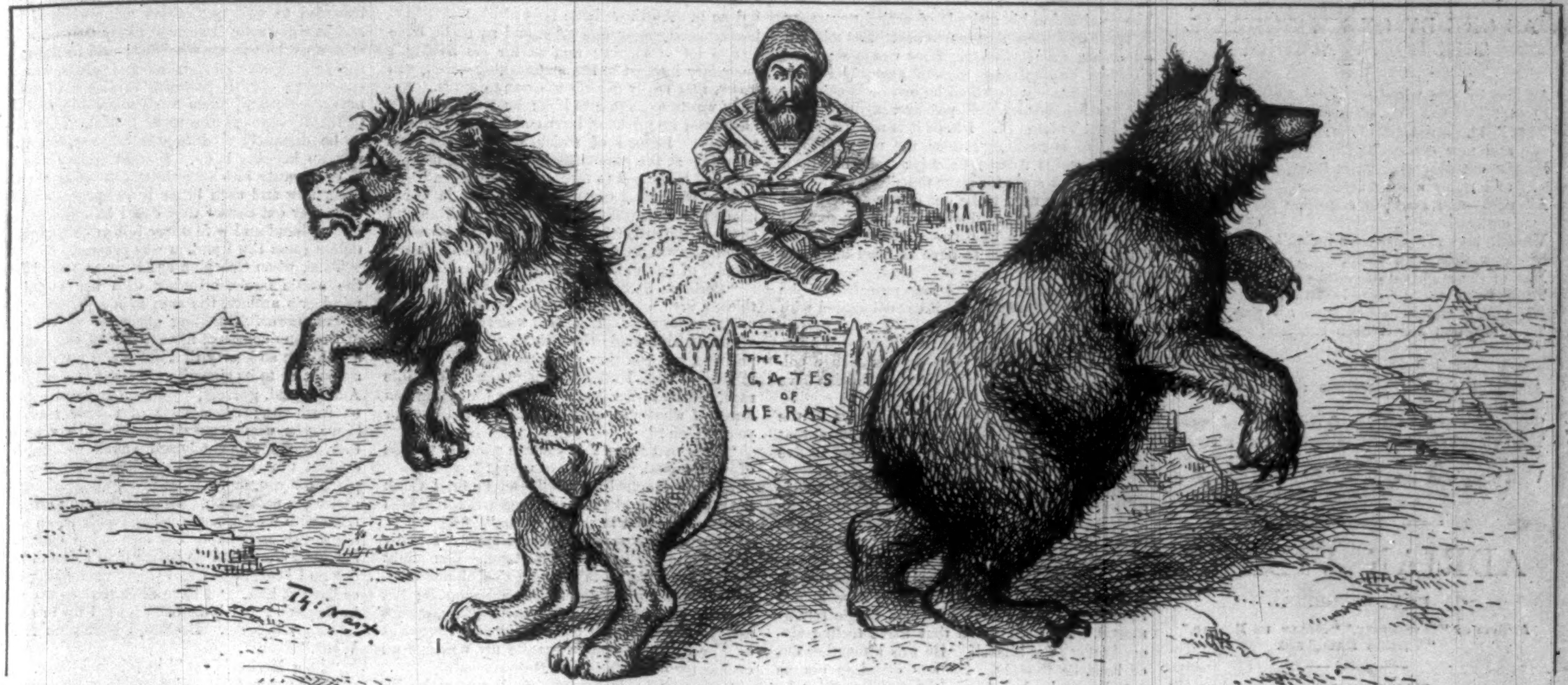
—The Augusta (Georgia) *Chronicle* has just celebrated the completion of its century by the issue of a handsome twenty-four page *Centennial Chronicle*. The paper was founded in 1785, when Augusta was made the capital of the State, under the title of *The Augusta Chronicle and Gazette of the State*. Its first title has always been the *Chronicle*, although the second title has several times been changed, and the paper is now, in consequence of its absorption of a rival in 1877, known as the *Chronicle and Constitutionalist*. The *Centennial Chronicle* gives an account not only of its own history, but also of that of the city with which it is identified and with which it is almost coeval.



THE TWELFTH REGIMENT ARMORY.—From the Architect's Drawings.—[See Page 315.]



THE PRESIDENT AT GETTYSBURG.—Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.—[See Page 311.]


THE GATES OF HE RAT.
Th. Nast.

THE FIGHT'S OFF—(FOR THE PRESENT).

MAJOR-GENERAL IRVIN McDOWELL.

WITH the death of Major-General McDOWELL, which occurred on the night of Monday, May 4, at San Francisco, another famous Union army commander passes away, the one, too, who earliest rose to prominence in the prolonged operations against Richmond. He will figure in history as a soldier who was "not of Fortune's cap the very button"; as one, indeed, whom Fortune treated most unkindly by raising him to the acme of celebrity in public expectation only to desert him in the hour of performance. Nevertheless, when it is remembered that McDOWELL, after an unsuccessful career in the first two years of the war, and no career of consequence at all in the remaining years, reached one of the highest and most lucrative grades in the regular army, he can not be said to have lacked his full share of professional rewards.

Born in Ohio in the year 1818, he entered West Point at the age of sixteen, graduated there in 1838, and was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in the First Artillery. Having performed garrison duty on the northern frontier, in 1841 he was made successively Assistant Instructor in Infantry Tactics and Adjutant at the Military Academy. Four years later, on the signs of approaching war with Mexico, he became an aide on the staff of General WOOL, and repaired to the Rio Grande. It is worth noting that WOOL's first task was to establish a camp in Texas for organizing and disciplining the volunteers who flocked thither in response to President POLK's call. Thus McDOWELL was schooled in the precise class of work which he was called to perform, on a larger scale and at a more critical moment, fifteen years later.

WOOL entered Mexico in October, and joined TAYLOR near Coahuila. On the 23d of February, 1847, TAYLOR defeated SANTA ANNA at Buena Vista, and for gallant and meritorious conduct in this action Lieutenant McDOWELL was brevetted Captain. His transfer to the Adjutant-General's Department came three months later, and in this staff duty he thenceforth continued, being made Brevet Major in March, 1856. In November, 1858, he took a year's trip to Europe. The outbreak of the civil war found Major McDOWELL in Washington, on the staff of General SCOTT. Promotion was rapid then, and McDOWELL took specially long leaps, being made Brigadier-General in the regular army from May 14, 1861. Soon after, he received the command of the first "on-to-Richmond" army at the instance of SCOTT, who was too old for field command.

The popular pressure for an instant advance led him against his will to move his still undisciplined forces from Washington toward the enemy on the 16th of July, 1861. On the 21st the Confederate forces of BEAUREGARD and JOHNSTON were encountered at Bull Run. McDOWELL's plan of battle was simple and judicious. He purposed to demonstrate deceptively against the enemy's right, while with his main force turning the Confederate left, so as to take his position in reverse. The execution was full of faults. Delays, the lack of competent staff officers, and almost universal inexperience would have jeoparded even a better scheme. Fitful operations of one brigade at a time took the place of proper attacks, and although the Confederate errors and ignorance were also great, so that at one time a Union victory seemed probable, ultimately the advantage of the defense proved the greater, and then the Union retreat, as was natural with raw troops, became a rout. McDOWELL made his way back to Washington, where he was succeeded in command by McCLELLAN.

The first angry disposition to make McDOWELL a scapegoat gave way to a recognition of the fact that he had been the victim of circumstances. He was intrusted with the command of a division, and then of the First Corps, designed to re-enforce McCLELLAN in the Peninsular campaign of 1862. But the sudden appearance of Stonewall JACKSON in the Shenandoah Valley caused the Washington authorities to send him instead against JACKSON. As a consequence he was present at BANKS's battle at Cedar Mountain. Then, under POPE, his corps became the Third Corps, Army of Virginia, and was in action at Rappahannock Station. POPE's decisive battle took place toward the end of August at Manassas, the scene of McDOWELL's previous discomfiture. The Union army was there again defeated; and after this second rebuff of fortune on the same ill-omened ground, McDOWELL ceased to hold active field command. But he was generally regarded, both in and out of the service, as a good soldier, and in 1872 was made a Major-General in the regular army. His latest command was on the Pacific coast, where he remained until his death, having been transferred to the retired list in October, 1882.

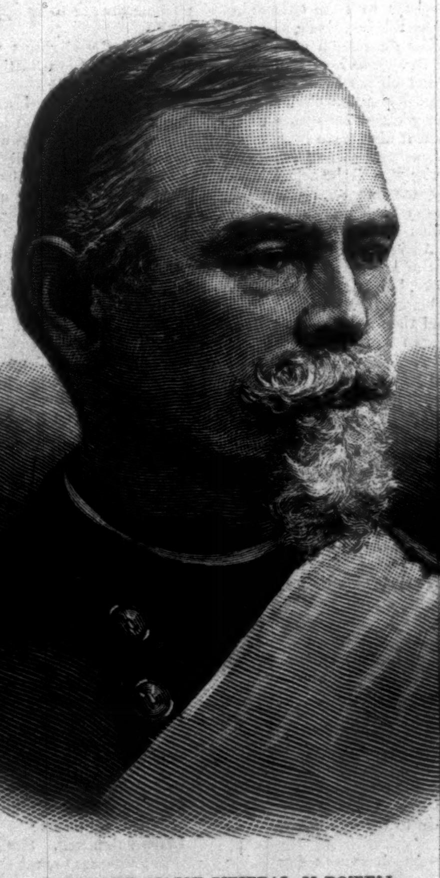
THE NEW CONSUL-GENERAL AT VIENNA.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has made a departure of some interest in sending to the cities of Berlin and Vienna two German Americans. FREDERICK RAINE, of whom a sketch has appeared already in this journal, goes to the capital of Germany, and EDMUND JUSSEN to the capital of Austro-Hungary. Aside from the matter of nationality, these gentlemen are qualified for their respective posts, but as German Americans they are particularly qualified. They can speak German, and are familiar with German customs and laws; they can speak English also, and are familiar with American customs and laws. Moreover, they love both the land of their nativity and the land of their adoption.

Mr. JUSSEN has long been a leading lawyer of Chicago, and at one time filled the office of Collector of Internal Revenue. In politics he is active and independent, and although a brother-in-law of Mr. CARL SCHURZ, his application for the position was filed in the usual way, without Mr. SCHURZ's knowledge, and was considered without Mr. SCHURZ's influence. It received, however, the hearty indorsement of such leading Democrats as Mr. MELVILLE FULLER and ex-Senator LYMAN TRUMBULL; but as many other applications of similar purport had been filed, Mr. JUSSEN was pleasantly surprised when his own turned out to be the successful one.

Mr. JUSSEN is an active business man as well as a skillful and successful lawyer. He has the interests of his fellow-citizens at heart, and his knowledge and experience are unusual.

4



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL McDOWELL.

EDMUND JUSSEN, U. S. CONSUL-GENERAL AT VIENNA.—PHOTO. BY MAX PLATZ, CHICAGO.

AS ONE BY ONE WITHDRAW THE LOFTY ACTORS.

I.

As one by one withdraw the lofty actors
From that great play on history's stage eterne,
That lurid, partial act of war and peace—of old
and new contending,
Fought out through wrath, fears, dark dismays,
and many a long suspense,
All past—and since, in countless graves receding, mellowing,
Victor's and vanquish'd—Lincoln's and Lee's—
now thou with them,
Man of the mighty days—and equal to the days!
Thou from the prairies!—tangled and many-vein'd and hard has been thy part,
To admiration has it been enacted!

II.

And still shall be; resume again, thou hero
heart!
Strengthen to firmest day, O rosy dawn of hope!
Thou dirge I started first, to joyful shout reverse!
and thou, O grave,
Wait long and long!

WALT WHITMAN.

ADRIAN VIDAL.*

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SOME FRIENDLY HINTS.

IT was not without some trouble that Percy Kean persuaded Adrian to give up the idea of publishing a crushing reply to the *Scorpion*. "If your soul thirsts for vengeance," he said, "wait till you see a good opportunity of retaliating, and then come down upon them like a wolf on the fold. But I should strongly advise you to take no notice. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is wiser to take no notice. Moreover, I have a notion that you won't write a great many more critiques for the *Anglo-Saxon*."

"You don't think it is paying, then?" asked Adrian, anxiously.

"I am quite sure it is not. With what amount of capital it started, I don't know; but I will venture to prophesy that it will last just as long as that amount lasts, and no longer."

This was not pleasant hearing for Adrian; yet when he was once more alone, it was less the probable collapse of the *Anglo-Saxon* that distressed him than the thought of that venomous article as to which he had been told that he would be wise to keep silence. How many people would understand the significance of the allusion to his private life he could not tell; but he feared that a good many would, at all events, perceive that the words conveyed an allusion of some kind. About this time he became nervously observant of trifles, and soon saw, or fancied he saw, that the nicest women of his acquaintance were not quite so cordial in their manner toward him as they had been, while the others were growing more so.

Walking up St. James's Street one day, he chanced upon Egerton, who stopped to speak to him, and while they were exchanging commonplaces it occurred to Adrian that he would ask this stanch supporter of the *Anglo-Saxon* to dinner. He would know, if any one did, what the financial position of the paper was, and his nature was so communicative that he would be pretty sure to refer to the subject in the course of the evening, without being questioned.

"And I'll get Pilkington, if I can," Adrian added, after his invitation had been accepted.

"That will be very pleasant," said Egerton, looking down the street. "As it isn't the season, I dare say he'll come." Then he rather abruptly withdrew his eyes from contemplation of the clock tower to raise them to his companion's face. "At your club, I think you said? Mrs. Vidal is still away, then?" he asked.

"She is still away," answered Adrian, a little surprised at the question, for he knew that Egerton was barely acquainted with his wife.

"Oh, indeed," said the other. "Well, I hope we shall see her back in London again before long." He paused for a moment, then repeated, "I hope we shall see her back before long." After which he nodded and walked away.

This was tolerably plain-speaking—so plain as to border upon impertinence; and what added emphasis to it was that Egerton was not, as a general thing, at all the kind of man to meddle with his neighbors' domestic concerns.

"I wish people would be good enough to mind their own business!" muttered Adrian, as he turned into Piccadilly.

But he ought to have known better than to waste his breath in such Utopian aspirations as that; and indeed it so happened that no later than the same evening he received an implied rebuke as unwelcome and as unexpected as Egerton's had been.

During the hunting season Mr. Wilbraham was not very assiduous in his attendance at the House, but he ran up to London when he could spare the time, or when he was wanted to take part in a division, and Adrian not unfrequently encountered and exchanged salutations with him at evening parties. If their intercourse did not go farther than an amiable nod and smile on the one side, and a gruff "How are you?" on the other, it was because Mr. Wilbraham had shown, in a manner not to be mistaken, that it gave him no sort of pleasure to talk to the popular young author. But now it seemed as if something out of the common must have induced him to abandon his attitude of armed neutrality in favor of a more aggressive one. His mien, at all events, was aggressive, if his words were not so, when he separated himself abruptly from a knot of friends with whom he had been conversing, and barred Adrian's passage, saying, "I am told Mrs. Vidal is ill. I hope it is not true?"

"There is nothing serious the matter, thank you," answered Adrian, politely; "she has been a little out of sorts for some time."

"She never used to be out of sorts," returned the other, looking half inclined to pick a quarrel upon the strength of this statement. "She always appeared to me to have as good health as anybody."

"It is nothing serious," Adrian repeated. "She is not fond of London, and it has not agreed with her particularly well."

"I'm sure I don't wonder at it!" cried Wilbraham. "Nobody could keep well in such a polluted atmosphere. I can't think how you can have expected her to stand it."

"We should all like to have estates in the country," remarked Adrian, smiling; "but as that can't be managed, some of us are obliged to live in the polluted atmosphere."

"I should have thought one could write novels anywhere," said Wilbraham; "but of course one can't have a perpetual round of entertainments in the country." And with that he turned on his heel and strode off.

Such rudeness was intensely disagreeable to Adrian, who would not, if he could have helped it, have incurred the dislike of a single fellow-mortal. He went home that night feeling sincerely sorry for himself. He was altogether out of luck, he thought. He was certainly not as popular as he had been: the articles which he had written for the *Anglo-Saxon* had brought him little money and a great deal of vexation; and now, it seemed, he was commonly regarded as a bad husband. Nothing had gone well with him since that calamitous day when Clare had caught him entertaining Lady St. Austell in her drawing-room. His partner in misfortune had left town immediately afterward, and he had heard no more of her. It was not likely that she would have spoken to anybody about their detection; but now Adrian began to wonder whether the story was not too good a one for Lord St. Austell to keep long to himself. If that had been divulged, it would be easy to understand the insinuations of the *Scorpion*, as well as the advice of his friends that he should submit to them in silence.

For some days he went about with a gloomy face, and was unusually short in his replies to those who accosted him. Nor did the dinner to which he had invited Egerton and Pilkington serve to raise his spirits. From the first moment he saw that he had made a mistake in asking the two men to meet one another. It was plain that they were no longer upon such amicable terms as when he had last seen them together, Egerton in particular seeming to be out of temper, and disposed to differ in a fretful way from the eminent person to whose opinions he had always hitherto shown himself so eager to say ditto. Pilkington, on his side, while maintaining his wonted courtesy, contrived, as courteous people often do contrive, to be excessively provoking, and led his friend into saying some very foolish things, of which he then, with the most delicate consideration, pointed out the folly. No reference was made to the *Anglo-Saxon* during dinner; but that something would be said about it before his guests departed Adrian was very sure; because, as he wanted to know the worst, he was resolved to introduce the topic himself.

Later in the evening, therefore, he said, with the innocent air of a disinterested seeker after information, "I hope the sale of the *Anglo-Saxon* continues to be satisfactory?"

Egerton rose like a trout at a May-fly. "Continues! My dear fellow, it has never *begun* to be satisfactory. The first two or three numbers, perhaps—I believe they went off pretty well; but latterly it has been ruinous work. Simply ruinous, you know." And he looked somewhat indignantly at Pilkington, who blew a cloud of smoke from his cigarette, and watched it floating upward to the ceiling.

"The fact of the matter is," Egerton went on, "that we haven't gone to work quite in the right way. At least so it seems to me; but of course I'm not a literary man, and I only judge by what I hear from others."

"When I accepted the editorship," said Pilkington, deliberately—"and, as you may remember, Egerton, I did so with some reluctance—I merely stipulated that I should be allowed to manage the paper in my own way. I never promised that that way should seem the right way to others, nor did I guarantee that the paper should pay."

"You said you thought it would."

"Well, I said I thought it would. That was my opinion, which I gave for what it was worth on being asked for it. No one can regret its failure to pay more than I do, and I may add that I should regret it just as much even if I did not happen to have a money interest in it. If the chief proprietors think that it would prosper more under other management, I shall most willingly retire from my post. In fact, I have already thought more than once of doing so."

"Oh, come," expostulated Egerton, "you mustn't take it in that way, Pilkington; that wasn't at all what I meant. Your retirement would be the greatest possible loss to us, and—and I'm sure I hope you won't think of such a thing."

Pilkington smiled. "I don't know yet whether I shall retire or not," he answered; "but if I am scolded, I certainly shall." And soon after this he said good-night.

"Pilkington's a deuced awkward sort of fellow to get on with," remarked Egerton, after he was gone. "You wouldn't think so to talk to him, but he is. All those little fads of his about having unusual paper and type, and so forth, have cost a lot of money; and as for his having a pecuniary interest in the undertaking—well, you know, that really doesn't amount to much. Nobody wants to dictate to him; but one has one's ideas, and he might at least condescend to listen to them. Instead of which, the moment that one hints at the possibility of his having made a mistake, he begins to talk about resigning."

"He complains that that is the way in which his contributors treat him," remarked Adrian. "I suppose the truth is that all people who write much are apt to grow irritable. We don't get enough of fresh air and exercise."

"Perhaps that may be it. Anyhow, I don't think a man ought to be above being told of his mistakes, do you? If he had known of them, he wouldn't have made them, don't you see? Supposing I tell you that you have made a mistake in this or that, I take it that you, as a sensible man, will be rather grateful to me for letting you know of what you wouldn't have found out for yourself, eh?"

"Does that mean that you are going to tell me of some mistake that I have made?"

Egerton laughed. "Well, you know, I think it's rather a mistake to have such articles written about one as that in the *Scorpion*."

"It's a misfortune," said Adrian. "I really don't quite see how it's a mistake. You might as well say it's a mistake to get one's boots muddy on a wet day. I don't like muddy boots; but I know no way of keeping them clean, except staying at home. Of course, if I didn't write at all, the *Scorpion* couldn't make my writings an excuse for bespattering me."

"Ah, well," said Egerton, getting up, "you literary fellows are all the same; it isn't much use to give you friendly hints. Nevertheless, you needn't get covered with mud if you walk circumspectly—take my word for it."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONSOLATION.

IN spite of Adrian's assertions to the contrary, Clare was really somewhat out of health. She had not mentioned the fact in her letters to her husband, so that it was no fault of his if he was unaware of it; but it must be confessed that she had made the most of her indisposition to her parents, who were as firmly convinced as Wilbraham himself that she was in no state to brave the dangers of the London atmosphere.

"I wish we could get poor Adrian down here too," Mrs. Irvine was wont to say to her friends; "it can't be good for him to slave night and day as he does. But his work obliges him to remain within reach of the British Museum, you know, and—and such places; and it is very kind and unselfish of him to spare Clare to us for so long."

With the early spring, however, the roses came back to Clare's cheeks, and then she herself perceived that she had no excuse for neglecting her duties any longer. She was stronger by this time, and had to some extent—or so she believed—lived down her trouble. But, in truth, such troubles can only be lived down by means of a little wholesome indifference; and this Clare had not been able to acquire. She returned to London determined to endure what could not be cured, and to show a brave front to misfortune in the future; but as she still loved her husband, and still despised herself for loving a man who had deceived her, the chance that these excellent resolutions would be kept was but a poor one.

Adrian was waiting for her at the terminus, and the moment that she caught sight of him on the platform she was struck with the change in his appearance. He was thinner, paler, and his face had a worn, anxious expression which she was puzzled to account for. Was he, too, unhappy, then? In spite of herself her heart softened toward him; and because she felt that it was softening, she made her greeting somewhat colder and more formal than it need have been, even in that public place.

"Have you been—quite well?" she asked, hesitatingly, when her luggage had been collected, and she was driving away from the station with her husband. Her voice sounded harsh as she put the question, and Adrian could not tell that this was only the result of an effort to steady it.

"I'm all right, thanks," he answered, shortly. "And you are feeling better, I hope?"

"Yes," she said; and then there was a pause, after which Adrian began to speak about some small household matters.

In truth, he was not just then in the mood to make advances, or to recognize any that might be made to him. Latterly many annoyances, small and great, had made life disagreeable to him, and in his heart he was disposed to hold Clare responsible for them all. But for her he would never have been held up to reprobation in the public press, nor quietly dropped, in private life, by certain ladies whose notice he had learned to prize. But for her he would have been less reckless in his expenditure than he had been during the last few months, and more attentive to his work, which he had begun to neglect or hurry over, with results which were painfully apparent to him. He thought she deserved some punishment for the trouble which she had brought upon them both, and he wished for no reconciliation that should not promise to be a permanent one. He remembered that his wife had tried to impose conditions upon him on a former occasion, and he was as determined as ever that he would not have conditions. She must trust him first. After that he would willingly and of his own accord give up Lady St. Austell, or any one else to whom she might object.

Theoretically, no doubt, there was something to be said in favor of this view; but if Adrian intended to wait until Clare acknowledged herself in the wrong, it seemed likely that he might wait until he was gray-headed; and in the mean time the house in Alexandra Gardens was not exactly an earthly paradise to either of its inmates. Both of them were miserable, and one of them happened also to be fretful. They tried to be distantly civil to one another, but there was no keeping it up. Distant civility was apt to degenerate into something like sulky silence: every now and then bitter little speeches forced their way out before they could be checked, and the husband and wife never felt at ease together unless some third person was present.

Thus, when Georgina suddenly appeared from the arctic circle, bringing with her a pair of reindeer's antlers, the skin of a polar bear, and divers powerful-smelling garments as evidences of the genuineness of her expedition, she received a welcome so hearty that she could not entertain a doubt as to its sincerity. "My dear Georgina," Adrian said, gravely, "you will have to come to us forthwith; it's a case of simple necessity. Since you won't consent to live with your mother, like a well-conducted young woman, it is evident that your brother's house is the proper place for you, and I must insist upon taking you under my protection. The family can't afford to trifle with its character. Even as it is, an amiable weekly newspaper has been kind enough to insinuate that I am no better than I should be."

"So I hear," remarked Georgina, looking rather hard at him. "I have already done my week in Brighton, and have been posted up in all the latest intelligence. Besides, I have seen Mr. De Wynt."

"Poor Mr. De Wynt!" interjected Clare.

"Why poor? I doubt whether he ever was poor Mr. De Wynt; but at any rate he is rich Mr. De Wynt now. His old uncle is dead at last, and has left him everything."

"Has he, really? I am so glad!" exclaimed Clare.

"Are you? I don't know that I am. I thought he did very well as he was, and I can't imagine him a High Sheriff or a Deputy-Lieutenant."

"He is fitted for any position," Clare said, emphatically.

"And calculated to adorn it? Perhaps so, but it is impossible to say with any certainty, because there are some positions in which he will never find himself."

Something in the tone in which the last words were spoken caused Clare to make a rapid deduction, and late that night she invaded her sister-in-law's bedroom with the stern air of one who means to stand no nonsense.

"Georgina," she said, without any introductory observations, "Mr. De Wynt has proposed to you, and you have refused him."

"There is no evading your penetration," replied Georgina, placidly. "He has—and I have."

"Then I must say," cried Clare, in great vexation, "that I think you ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself!"

"Oh! Well, no doubt you know best. I am a poor simple creature, and I often do wrong without intending it; but why I ought to be ashamed of myself for refusing Mr. De Wynt, I don't altogether understand. Is it because I am particularly fitted to be a Deputy-Lieutenant's wife?"

"Not at all; it is because you have been insane enough to refuse a man whom you love, and who very likely won't give you a second chance."

"I beg to say," replied Georgina, "that I have never been in love in my life. If I felt the slightest symptom of such a disease coming on, I should instantly set sail for the Antarctic Ocean and never be heard of again. I should feel that I had *genossen das irdische Glück*, and that it was high time for me to disappear from civilized society."

"It isn't the slightest use to talk to me like that," returned Clare, loftily; "it doesn't deceive me for a moment."

"Very well, then, I am pining for Mr. De Wynt. As soon as you leave the room, I shall throw myself face downward on my bed, and give way to a paroxysm of despair. All the same, I can't marry a man who has just come into a fortune, and whom I persistently snubbed when he was a comparative pauper."

"If that is the only thing!"

"But it is not the only thing. As I explained to you long ago, the idea of marriage in the abstract is repugnant to me. A single life has its attractions after all. Has your experience led you to believe that marriages never turn out badly?"

Clare drew herself up slightly, and made no answer, not being sure whether Georgina had delivered this home-thrust accidentally or not. All doubt was removed from her mind by the latter, who went on:

"That was a brutal thing to say, was it not? But, my dear, I intend to be brutal, and you can't stop me. Do you suppose it isn't as clear as the sun in heaven that you and Adrian have fallen out? Now sit down here beside me, and tell me the whole story from beginning to end."

"I know you mean to be kind, Georgina," began Clara, hesitatingly.

"I do; and that is why I am not going to let you put me down. I know I am not what is called a specially sympathetic woman; but as a set-off, I am far more trustworthy than the generality of women; added to which, I know my brother pretty well. I must not say that I know him better than you do; but you will allow that I am likely to judge him with greater impartiality." She rose from the low chair in which she had been sitting, and taking Clare by the shoulders, forced her down into it. "Come," she said, as she perched herself sideways upon the arm; "what is it all about?"

Clare submitted. She was of too proud and reticent a nature to make such confessions easily; but since it was impossible to deny that she had quarrelled with her husband, it might be as well, she thought, to tell Georgina the truth, and have done with it. She did not, however, tell the whole truth. She cut her recital as short as she could, and would have suppressed, among other incidents, that of Lady St. Austell's clandestine visit to Alexandra Gardens, had she not wished to prove beyond a doubt that she was the victim of no hallucination as to Adrian's treachery.

---

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1463.

Georgina's comments were brief and decisive. "I see it all," she declared. "Adrian is a perfect imbecile. He always was, and I should be inclined to add that he always will be, only I hope that this may serve as a lesson to him. I don't know whether you are aware that he is rather more in love with you, if anything, than he was a year ago."

Clare shook her head, and smiled slightly.

"Well, he is," Georgina repeated. "My dear child, you may shake your head till it rolls off your shoulders, but you won't convince me that I am mistaken. He is a thoroughly miserable man—and I am very glad of it. I don't want you to forgive him yet awhile. If you were capable of getting up a hard flirtation on your own score, it would be no bad thing; but as you won't do that, you had better continue your present course of treatment. I am not sure that, if I were a man, I shouldn't find it more terrible than the other. But please to bear in mind that *you* have no reason whatever to be miserable. I don't think so meanly of your intelligence as to believe that you are really jealous of poor Lady St. Austell, with her fat figure and her rouged cheeks. What you do complain of is that Adrian should seem to enjoy flirting with her or with anybody. It's only his way, but it's a bad way, and I quite agree with you in thinking that he ought to be cured of it."

It is doubtful whether Clare derived much comfort from the above observations. Nor, unfortunately, was Georgina's subsequent method with her brother the best that could have been adopted for bringing about an understanding between the divided couple. She treated him with a fine hearty contempt, which might have amused him if he had not been too worried to be amused by it; she scarcely answered him when he spoke to her; and if he ventured upon a humble joke, stared blankly at him without moving a muscle. She wished him, in short, to understand distinctly that he was in disgrace; and as she never knew how to do things by halves, she ended by virtually sending him to Coventry in his own house.

Toward a man of Adrian's temperament it would have been difficult to take up a more injudicious line. The only effect that it produced upon him was to drive him away from home; and when he did come home, he generally took care to bring friends with him. He was restless and excitable at this time, seeming to find his only pleasure in society; he did very little work, and Clare noticed that he had become alarmingly careless about money. She did not know what his literary earnings might be; but she feared that they could hardly be sufficient to warrant the continual little dinner parties that he gave, the addition of a man to their staff of in-door servants, and the hire of a brougham. These things made her uneasy; and Georgina, now that poor De Wynt had been sent about his business, no longer provided her with a wholesome interest to withdraw her thoughts from her own unhappiness.

One small piece of consolation, which afterward became a more important one, was afforded to her by the unexpected visit of a friend of her girlhood, of whom she had lost sight for some years, and who had joined a nursing sisterhood. Sister Jane, as this lady was now called, was sent, in the first instance, to appeal for help by the society to which she belonged; but finding that Mrs. Vidal was interested in hearing about her work, she remained, talking, for some little time, and was persuaded to repeat her visit a few days later.

Clare looked with something like envy at this cheerful, plain-featured young woman, to whom the world had seemed a place in which to perform duties rather than to seek for happiness. In carrying out the former, she had apparently found the latter. When questioned upon this point, she answered simply that she never had time to ask herself whether she enjoyed her life or not, but that she was quite sure that she had not enjoyed it before entering the sisterhood. "For you it is very different," she added, divining what the wistful expression in Clare's eyes meant. "If I had been beautiful as you are, I should have expected quite another kind of existence, and I suppose very likely I should have got it. I don't think there is any harm in that, only every woman ought to find her proper place if she can. Those who are not ornamental had better try to be useful."

But Clare thought it might be possible to be both. "Couldn't you find something for me to do?" she asked, eagerly. "Couldn't I go to the hospitals and—and read to the patients, or be of some help?"

Sister Jane smiled. "Well, I am afraid not. And you have your home duties, you know."

"They are soon got through. I have a great deal of spare time—and I have no children," said Clare, with a sigh.

"Would you like to go to the Children's Hospital sometimes?" asked the other, presently. "You might really be of use there, if you cared to go. The children are always glad to see people; and many of them must be kept lying on their backs for months, poor little souls! Shall I take you there one day?"

Clare jumped at the suggestion. When should she go? To-morrow?—the next day?

"Well, to-morrow, if you like," the good Sister answered, smiling; and thus it was that Clare was provided with a better cure for morbid self-communings than any that Georgina could have devised.

The bright, airy ward, with its rows of little iron beds, became a sort of haven of rest to her. When she entered it it seemed to her that she left the world behind her—that weary, heartless, purposeless world in which women had nothing better to do than to make love to their friends' husbands, and where men were considered idiots if they devoted themselves to their wives. The children became fond of her. She took them toys, with which they managed to play in a serious, unchildlike fashion, as they lay there, afflicted before their time with the curse of mortality. They did not understand why she so often had tears in her eyes, for the pathos of their condition was, happily, less evident to them than it was to her; but they learned to love her beautiful, sad face, and she developed a faculty for narrating stories which rather astonished her, seeing that she had never suspected herself of being gifted with any great fecundity of imagination. Her husband, whose own imagination was becoming wofully sterile at this time, would perhaps have been grateful to her for a hint or two; but she had not deemed it incumbent upon her to tell Adrian of her frequent visits to the Children's Hospital.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BASE-BALL SEASON.

The base-ball season has opened in all parts of the country with great *éclat*, and it is safe to predict that this will be one of the liveliest seasons the base-ball men have ever had.

There are not quite so many leading base-ball associations in the field this season as there were last, but this deficiency is more than counterbalanced by the increased strength which has been added to the surviving clubs by securing the first-class material thrown upon the market by the disbandment of the leading clubs during the progress and at the close of last season.

There are five leading professional base-ball associations throughout the country, some half-dozen college associations, many State and county associations, and an endless number of amateur and junior associations, each containing from six to eight clubs.

The National League, which is the oldest of all the professional base-ball organizations, occupies the most important position in the eyes of the public. The clubs of this organization are at Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, and Buffalo in the West, and New York, Philadelphia, Providence, and Boston in the East. The most experienced players in the country are to be found in the League ranks; and although it is the only association in the country which charges a fifty-cent admission fee, it still retains a prestige over all the other associations, which charge but half that amount.

The American Association, which stands next to the National League in importance, has clubs at St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, and Pittsburgh in the West, and New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Baltimore in the East. The clubs of this association are very much better equalized in playing strength than those of any other association in the base-ball arena, and a close and interesting championship race may be looked for, as thus far all the clubs have shown excellent form.

The National League opened its championship season in the West April 30, in games at Detroit and St. Louis, and in the East May 2, in New York and Philadelphia.

The American College Association, like the National League, opened its championship season April 30, when the inaugural game was played at Amherst, between the Dartmouth and Amherst college clubs. The Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Brown, Amherst, and Dartmouth college clubs form this College Association, which is now attracting so much public attention.

The games played thus far this season have all been largely attended, and an uncommon amount of interest has been shown in the national sport by the spectators. The Athletics and Metropolitans opened the season in Philadelphia April 18, in the presence of about ten thousand spectators. The season was also opened in St. Louis in the presence of an equally large assemblage, while in all other parts of the country the opening championship games have drawn from two to five thousand spectators, and there has been an attendance at each game since the opening of the season of from one to five thousand spectators. It would be a fair estimate to average the attendance at two thousand a day at each game played by any of the five leading professional associations, while the attendance at the minor association games can safely be averaged at one thousand.

The interest in the neighborhood of New York is centred upon the championship race of the National League. It seems certain that the pennant of this organization will lie between the New York, Chicago, Providence, and Boston clubs, and it is the firm belief of the people in this vicinity that the heavy batting New York club will come off the final victors, and bring the championship to this city. The club is especially well provided with pitchers and catchers—one of the most essential features, and the one in which the team was particularly weak last year. The Chicagos heretofore have had an advantage over the New Yorks in base running, but it is thought that this deficiency will be to a great extent counterbalanced by the swift and accurate throwing to the bases of Ewing and Deasley.

The Metropolitans of this city, who won the championship of the American Association last season, have been weakened greatly by the loss of Keefe and Esterbrook. They have also been still further handicapped by the illness of Hankinson and Lynch. Nevertheless, they have fought most desperately thus far this season with the strongest clubs in the Association, and have held their own against great odds. Their two amateur pitchers are now beginning to get over their "stage fright," and are doing most admirably.

By the disbandment of the Cleveland League Club, the city of Brooklyn, which secured the majority of their players, has been provided with one of the very best teams in the American Association.

In addition to the two strong clubs located in this city, and the club in Brooklyn, there will be an Eastern League Club in Jersey City and another at Newark, which will give the base-ball admirers of this city unfailing opportunities to see professional base-ball games.

The new pitching rules adopted by the National League are having a telling effect upon the pitchers of that organization, and it is thought that the club officials will discover their great mistake before long, and rescind the rule which requires the pitcher to keep both feet on the ground while in the act of delivering the ball.

The portraits on page 308 represent twelve of the leading professional base-ball players. Among these are the nine men universally acknowledged as the most expert players in their respective positions in the field, the champion batsmen of the National League and the American Association respectively, and the most noted base runner.

Charles Radbourn, the most noted pitcher in the world, was born in Rochester, New York. His first appearance on the ball field which attracted the attention of a professional manager was while he was playing in Bloomingdale, Illinois, in 1877. He was secured for the professional club in Peoria, Illinois, and played with them in 1878, with the Dubuque (Iowa) club in 1879, and with the Buffaloes in 1880 for a few months, until his arm gave out, and he was obliged to retire for the remainder of the season. The Providence Club secured his valuable services in 1881, and he has remained with them ever since. His work during the season of 1884 was unprecedented, and it was through his untiring exertions that the Providence Club won the championship of the League.

William Ewing, who is unquestionably the best of all catchers, was born in Cincinnati, where he figured with amateur clubs until he secured his first professional engagement with the Rochester Club in 1880. He was picked up by the Troy League Club in 1881, and remained with them until they disbanded in 1882. He was engaged by the New Yorks in 1883, at a salary of $3200, and has remained with them ever since. In addition to being a first-class catcher and a swift and accurate thrower to the bases, he is an excellent base runner, and one of the heaviest batters.

John F. Morrill, who is considered the most valuable man in the country as a first base man, was born in Boston. He began playing with the Stars in Boston, an amateur club, in 1873, and remained with them until the close of 1874. In 1875 he played in Lowell, Massachusetts. He went with the Boston professionals in 1876, and has remained with them ever since.

John J. Burdock, the second base man of the Boston Club, who leads all others in that position, was born in Brooklyn, and played with the Enterprise amateur club of Brooklyn from 1867 until he received his professional engagement with the Atlantic Club in 1871, with which he remained until he joined the Mutuals in 1874. He joined the Hartford Club in 1875, and remained with them until the close of 1877, when he joined the Bostons.

Edward N. Williamson, the noted third base man of the Chicago Club, is a Philadelphian by birth. His first professional engagement was with the Nashanocks, of Newcastle, Pennsylvania. He was secured by the Alleghenys in 1877, and in 1878 was engaged by the Indianapolis Club. He joined the Chicago Club in 1879.

Arthur A. Irwin, the celebrated short stop of the champion Providence Club, was born in Toronto in 1858. He moved to Boston when a boy, and developed into a ball-player with the amateur clubs of that city. He was picked up by the professional club of Worcester in 1879, and remained with them until they disbanded in the latter part of 1882, when he joined the Providence Club.

Joseph Hornung, the crack left fielder of the Boston Club, who has no equal in his position, was born in Carthage, New York, and began his base-ball career with amateur clubs in Utica, New York. His first professional engagement was with the Tecumseh Club of London, Canada, in 1876. He remained with them until they disbanded in 1878, when he joined the Buffalos, who kept him until 1881, when his services were secured by the Boston Club.

George F. Gore, the centre fielder of the ex-champion Chicago Club, was born in Sackerocka, Maine. Nothing is really known of his base-ball career prior to his professional engagement with the Portland Reds in 1877. Manager Mutrie, of the New York Club, who was then managing the Fall Rivers, secured him in the latter part of 1877. Mutrie took Gore with him to New Bedford in 1878, and the Chicago Club secured him in 1879.

Michael J. Kelly, the noted right fielder and change catcher of the Chicago Club, was born in Paterson, New Jersey, and made his first public appearance with the semi-professional Olympics. He received an engagement with the Buckeye Club, of Columbus Ohio, in 1876. The Cincinnatis secured his services in 1877, and he remained with them until they disbanded in 1879, when he joined the Chicago Club.

James H. O'Rourke, now playing centre field for the New Yorks, is the champion batsman of the National League. He was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where he made his début with the Unions of that city in 1869. In 1870 and 1871 he played with the Osceola Club of Stratford, Connecticut. In 1872 he played with the Mansfields of Middleton until they disbanded in the latter part of the season, when he returned to the Unions of Bridgeport. In 1873 he was engaged by the Boston Club, and played with them until 1879, when he joined the Providence Club, and helped them to win the League championship. In 1880 he went back to the Bostons again. The Buffalo Club secured his services in 1881 and retained him until the present season, when he joined the New Yorks.

Thomas J. Esterbrook, the champion batsman of the American Association, who is now playing third base for the New York League Club, was born at New Brighton, Staten Island. He began playing with the semi-professional Alaska Club of that place. He was picked up by the Jersey City professionals in 1878, and played with them until the close of 1879. He played with the Buffalos in 1880, the Metropolitans in 1881; with the Clevelands in 1882 until the latter part of the season, when he returned to the Metropolitans again, and played with them until the present season, when he joined the New Yorks.

John M. Ward, the most skillful base runner and one of the finest general players, was born at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania. He learned to play ball while at college, and made his first professional appearance with the Athletic Club of Philadelphia in 1877. He remained with them until they disbanded, and finished the season in Janesville, Wisconsin. In 1878 he joined the Crickets of Binghamton, and when they disbanded he went to the Providence Club, where he remained until 1883, when he joined the New Yorks.

GETTYSBURG'S CELEBRATION.

The visit of President Cleveland to the battle-field at Gettysburg, on May 4, took him out of Washington for the first time since his inauguration, two months before. He left Washington at a quarter before eight o'clock in the morning, and at half past nine the same evening stepped out of his carriage at the White House door. The trip was made in response to the request of veterans of the Army of the Potomac. A special car was attached to an excursion train for the use of the President and his party. Accompanying the President were Vice-President Hendricks, several members of the cabinet, Ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, Generals Hunt, Rosecrans, and Slocum, members of the Loyal Legion, and several ladies. The run to Gettysburg was made in three and one-half hours. Cannon saluted its arrival, and a gathering of several hundred persons cheered the President as he alighted.

The President had stipulated that he should not be called upon to speak, and he made no address. At the conclusion of the exercises of the day he was driven to the cemetery grounds. Vice-President Hendricks sat with him in the carriage. The cemetery grounds are a part of the battle-field, and afford a comprehensive view of the surroundings. General Hunt, one of the President's companions on the trip, commanded the artillery at the battle of Gettysburg. It was planted on the hill (now the cemetery) from which the President looked at the battle-field. From the cemetery the President was driven to points of various interest. He saw the memorial stone marking the spot where General Hancock fell badly wounded, and visited the spot where General Sickles lost his leg, and the spot where General Reynolds was killed. The party started on the return trip to Washington at six o'clock in the evening.

The visit of President Cleveland to the battle-field revives memories, not only of the battle itself, but of a previous Presidential visit to its scene. This was the visit of President Lincoln, which took place November 19, 1863, the occasion being the dedication of the National Cemetery, upon which Mr. Lincoln delivered the most famous and memorable of his speeches.

THAT "PINAFORE."

Under the apple-tree she sat,
My little love, in her broad-brimmed hat
  And her blue-checked pinafore.
The robin above her swelled his throat,
But the maiden's song rivalled his sweetest note,
  Though he warbled it o'er and o'er.

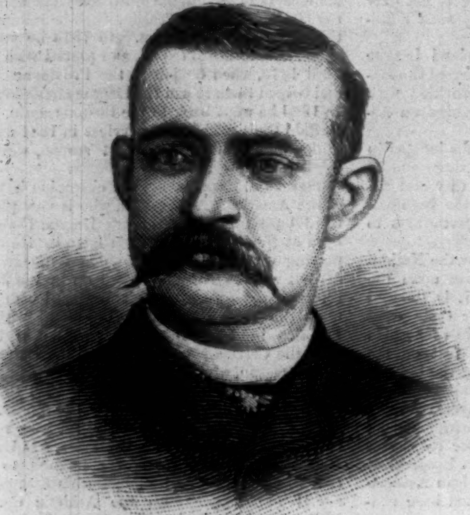
Oh, shining and red were the skins that fell
From the sweet ripe apples she pared so well!
  "You may help," she said, "if you will."
Then I took the bowl on my own strong knee,
And whispered, "Sweet as the apples may be,
  I know who is sweeter still."

The brim of her hat fell lower down,
And hid from my gaze her eyes so brown,
  As she steadily worked away.
But I slyly whispered, "Would it might be
That we might be served like the apples, you see,
  And paired by the parson some day!"

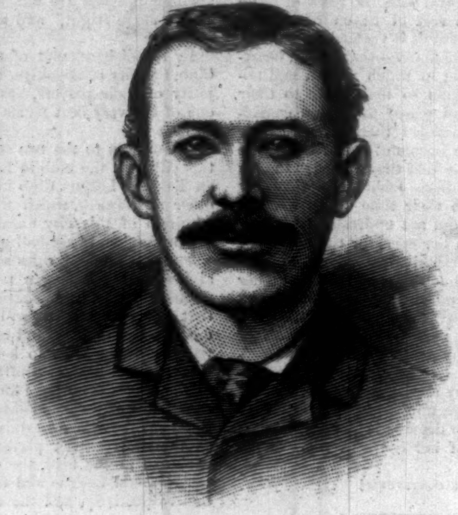
Up went the pinafore over her face,
Till I of her blushes could see no trace.
  Then—what do you think I did?
To hide the sorrow and shame I felt,
In deep contrition beside her I knelt,
  And my face in that pinafore hid.

I've often wondered whether 'twas wrong,
But while the robin was singing his song
  Up in that apple-tree,
I gave sweet Katie a kiss or two;
And Katie, of course—what else could she do?—
  Gave both of them back to me.

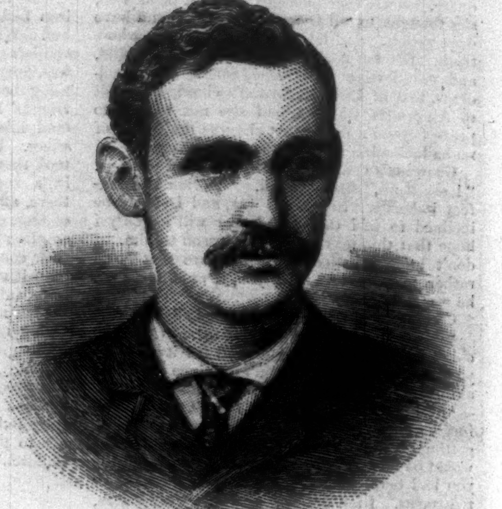
And the pinafore—bless the thing, I say,
For the friendly shelter it gave that day!—
  Kept our sweet secret well,
And hid from the sun and the robin's view
Sweet Katie's blushes, and helped me, too,
  A certain story to tell.



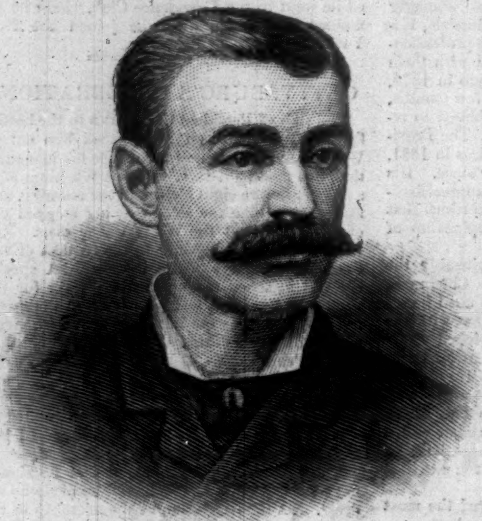
CHARLES RADBOURN, Providence Club, Pitcher.
Photographed by Horton Brothers, Providence.



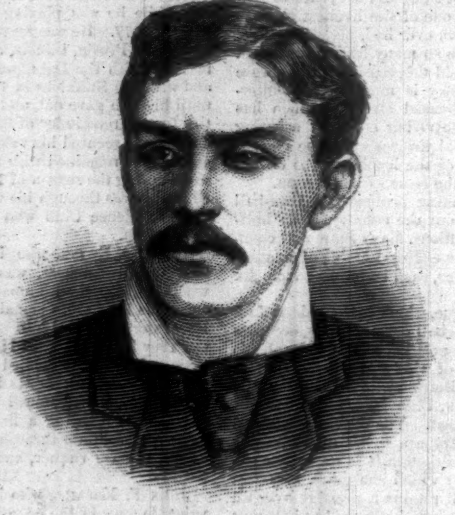
WILLIAM EWING,
New York Club, Catcher.



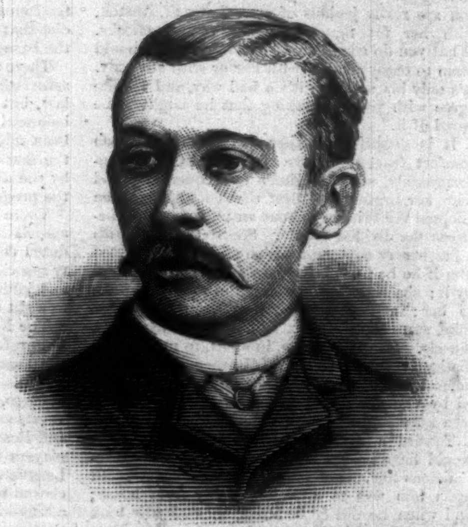
JOHN F. MORRILL,
Boston Club, First Base.



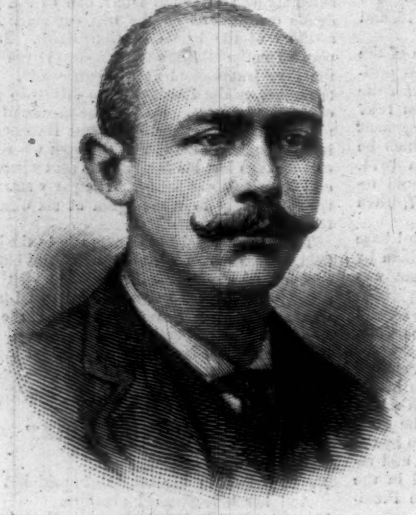
JOHN J. BURDOCK,
Boston Club, Second Base.



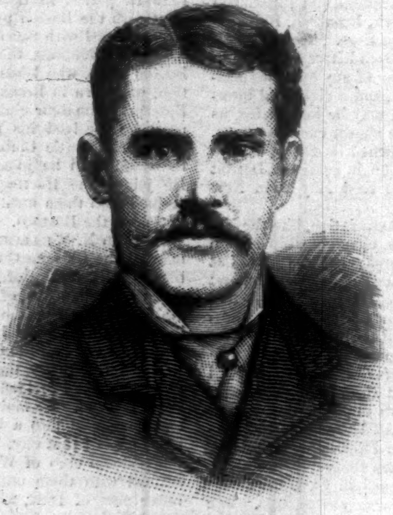
EDWARD N. WILLIAMSON,
Chicago Club, Third Base.



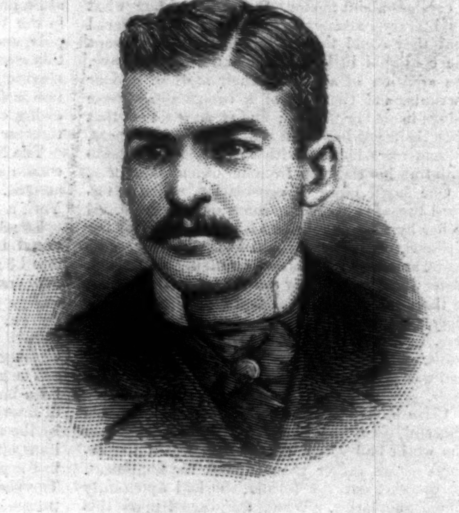
ARTHUR A. IRWIN, Providence Club, Short Stop.
Photographed by Horton Brothers, Providence.



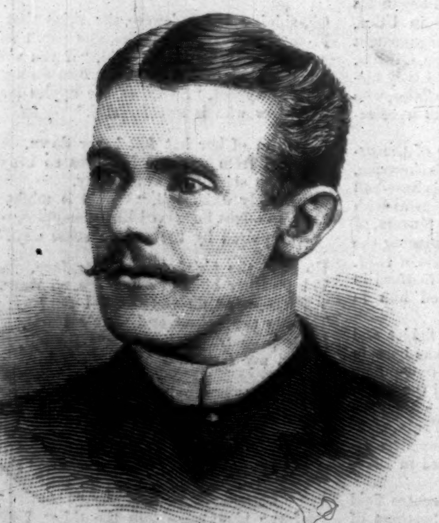
JOSEPH HORNUNG,
Boston Club, Left Field.



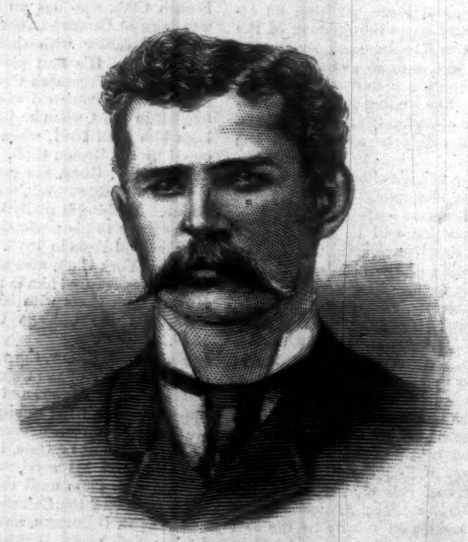
GEORGE F. GORE,
Chicago Club, Centre Field.



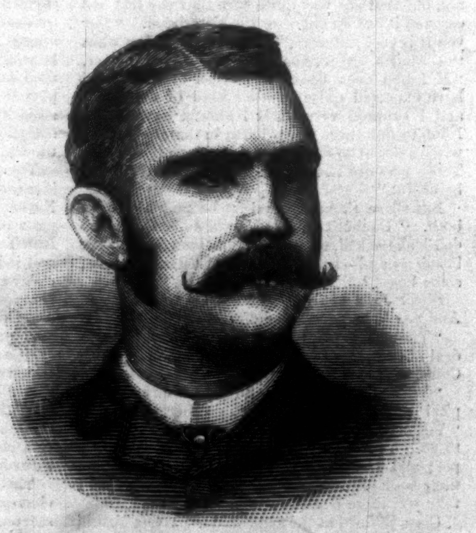
MICHAEL J. KELLY,
Chicago Club, Right Field.



JOHN M. WARD, New York Club, "The Best Base Runner."
Photographed by Horton Brothers, Providence.

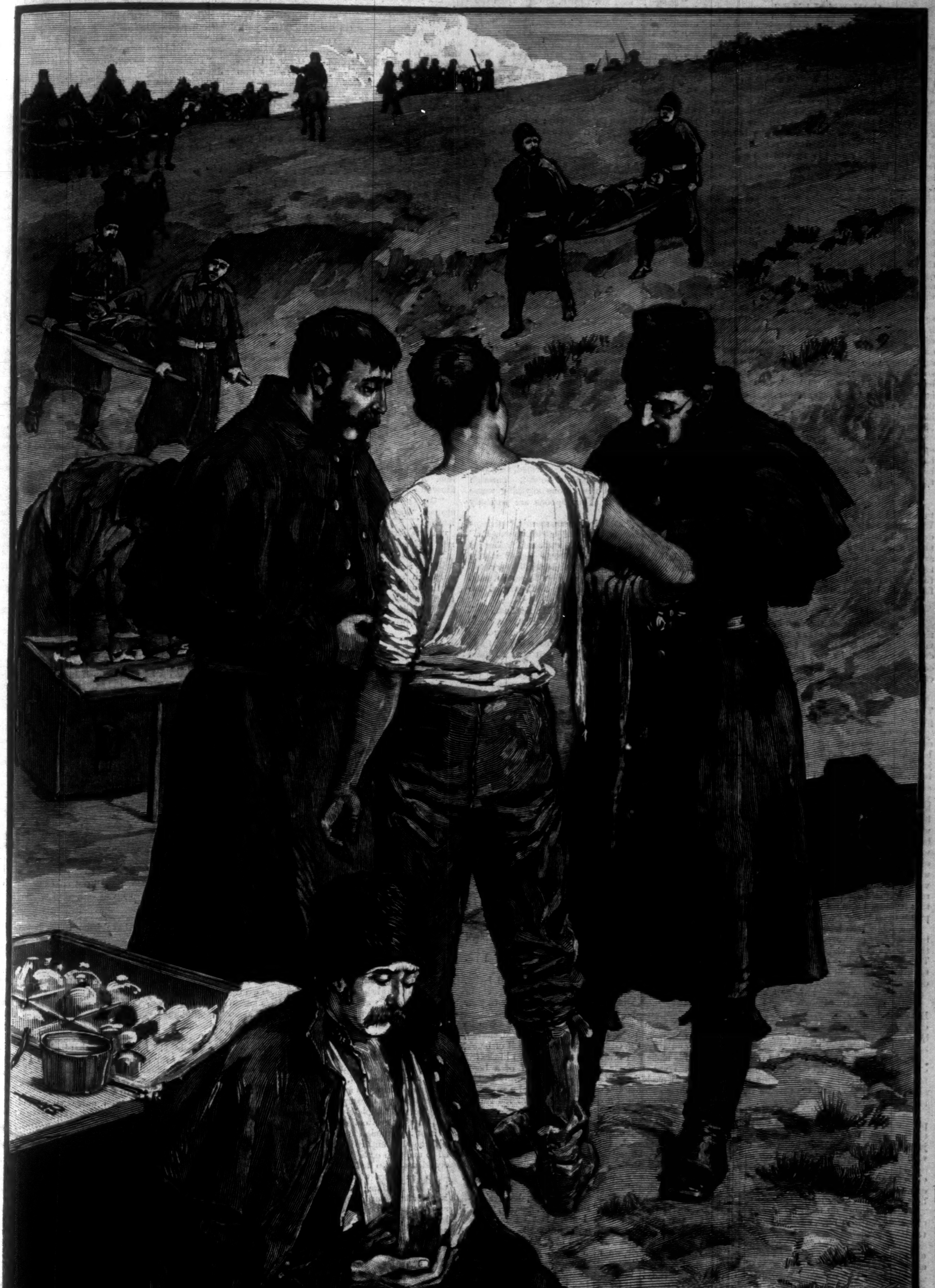


JAMES H. O'ROURKE, Champion Batsman of the National League for 1884, New York Club.



THOMAS J. ESTERBROOK, Champion Batsman of the American Association for 1884, New York Club.

CHAMPION BASE-BALL PLAYERS.—[See Page 311.]



THE RIEL REBELLION—WOUNDED CARRIED TO THE REAR FROM THE FIGHT AT FISH CREEK.
DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM SKETCHES FURNISHED TO THE MONTREAL "STAR."—[SEE PAGE 315.]

COUSIN JAMES.

It has been observed by Mr. Spencer and others that the march of the passing years has a tendency to calm the ardor of youth and moderate the passions of man, and yet there are notable exceptions to this rule, and old age is noticeably querulous about trifles. Here is a case in point.

Mr. Theophilus Brown was in a tremendous rage simply because he could not find his spectacles. It was as fine a May morning—it was nearly ten by the clock—as you ever saw in New York city. The sun was shining very brightly without, and the air was fresh and vernal. Within Mr. Brown's library the air was not quite so fresh, but it was very cozy and comfortable, not to mention luxurious, and Mr. Brown sat in a velvet-covered chair that might have soothed a man of war; and yet he turned and twisted in his chair, pulled out each successive desk drawer with a jerk and closed it with a bang, tumbled over the papers with reckless disregard of Heaven's first law, and then began to look into all sorts of impossible places—out of the window, on top of the book-case, behind the pictures, and up at the ceiling—as old gentlemen will do in such cases, and finally gave up the search in despair. He was looking for his spectacles.

Upon the desk in front of Mr. Brown lay a square note, which Mr. Brown wanted to read. He could have read it without his spectacles, with some difficulty, but his temper having been thoroughly aroused, he scorned to give in; and so he sank back into his chair with a red face, and stared at the note vindictively, and probably would have remained thus until he brought on a fit had he not chanced to pass his fingers frantically through the scanty fringe of hair on the top of his head, and there, of course, he found his spectacles.

You can imagine in what a frame of mind he opened the square note. As he did so the door-bell rang—a vigorous, determined ring it was—but Mr. Brown heard it not, as he was buried in the note.

"Theophilus Brown, Esq.,—I have the honor to ask you for the hand of your daughter Isabel. We have known and loved each other since children, and you can not be unaware of our attachment, which I hope you regard with favor. You are acquainted with my position in life, and I need not waste words in assuring you that her future is safe in my hands. I will call to-morrow for an answer. Your affectionate nephew,

"Walter Hayman."

You remember that the door-bell rang. The ringer stood upon the upper step, and whistled while he waited. When the servant came to the door he was handed a very limp and soiled card, embellished with two ink spots and some bread-crumbs, on which was written, in beautiful script,

James Brown Bartlum.

The servant looked at the card and then at the giver, and was plainly astonished.

A young man of twenty-eight, perhaps, most decidedly handsome, and most undeniably seedy; hair glossy black, and in need of the shears; a jaunty mustache and a three days' beard on his face; large, bright, and bold black eyes, and a straight, slim figure, rather tall. This handsome young man wore upon his glossy head a sunburned straw hat with a chewed edge, on his back a very tight and shiny Prince Albert coat, whereof every button was missing, their place being supplied with various-sized pins; his legs were covered with very baggy and wrinkled trousers of snuff-colored cassimere, while his feet were incased in a pair of Congress gaiters that were so patched and tied with strings, and so run down and over, and burst in so many places, that it seemed a miracle that they did not fall to pieces upon being looked at.

The young man bore the scrutiny of the servitor with easy good-nature, fingering his mustache the while, and seemed so self-possessed that John Thomas, who at first had but one mind, and that to shut the door in his face, began to have his doubts.

"You wish to see—" he began, hesitatingly.

"Mr. Theophilus Brown," said Mr. James Brown Bartlum, suavely. "Yes. Take him that card, my good man, and I will wait an answer. Stay! On second thoughts, lead on, and I will follow."

The man was too bewildered to protest; besides, he was new to the house, and although he felt that his situation was trembling in the balance, he meekly moved toward the library, followed by the presumptuous stranger.

Mr. Brown has just finished reading his nephew's note for the third time as the servant entered and laid the card on the desk, and he had just time to glance at it, when the young man with the miraculous shoes seized his hand.

"The same old man!" he cried, joyfully; "not changed a bit! Age can not stale nor time wither an ounce of Theoph! Bless your heart, sir, how glad I am to see you! How do you do?"

Mr. Brown shot up from his chair like a rocket, impurpled with rage, and absolutely glared at the intruder.

"Who—what—what does this mean?" he roared, while John Thomas fled for his life. "Who are you, sir? and what do you want?"

"Who am I?" repeated the other, in apparently great wonder. "Well, upon my word, this is humiliating indeed! Not remember me! Are we, then, indeed, so soon forgotten when we are gone? Why, sir, I remember you like a book."

"Very likely," said Mr. Brown, fiercely; "but you haven't answered my question. Who are you, sir?"

"I, sir," replied the intruder, making a hasty but ineffectual search for a handkerchief, "am James Brown Bartlum—my card lies before you. In short, sir, I am your nephew."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Brown, looking from the card to the owner, and eying both with considerable disfavor. "So you are James?"

"Yes, sir," said James, taking a chair, and composing himself therein with great care. "I am the unfortunate young man of whom you have no doubt heard a great many tales—"

"And nothing good," said Mr. Brown, sharply, sitting down with a bump.

"I am sorry to hear it," rejoined Mr. Bartlum, with an air of great concern. "The breath of slander might have passed *me* by; but no matter. To change the subject: it has been five years since I last saw you."

"Yes."

"You have not changed a particle, while I—well, I've seen the world, uncle."

"Indeed, sir!"

"I have travelled from Heart's Content to San Diego, and been all things to all men. I have surprised myself by working at carpentry, driving a stage, and editing a paper, all inside of six months. I dined at the Palace Hotel in Frisco with the Corean Embassy one day, and exactly thirty days from that date I was in Virginia City, sawing wood for my dinner. You never sawed wood, uncle?"

"Never!"

"You wouldn't like it; neither did I; but a man must eat, uncle."

"There is no danger," said Mr. Brown, dogmatically, "of any man starving, if he will work."

"Humbug, my dear sir!" cried Mr. Bartlum, cheerfully. "Don't you believe it. I have tried it, and I know. Besides, a man needs clothes and a roof over his head in addition to his daily bread. The world is very big, uncle, but it seems to be all pre-empted by some one else. I have knocked all around the American part of it, and here I am back where I started, returning to my native city, and spending the first night in the station-house."

"In the station-house!"

"As a lodger, sir. Don't be alarmed, sir; your nephew is poor, but strictly honest. Through many trials he has never done anything worse than sawing wood. Your spoons are perfectly safe, sir."

"Then, sir," said Mr. Brown, sternly, "perhaps you will condescend to tell me just what you want."

Mr. James Bartlum arose, and stood before his uncle like a statue. Mr. Brown looked at him from head to foot, and noted in detail every article of his raiment, until his eyes became riveted on the Congress gaiters, and these proved too much for him.

"It is very humorous," said Mr. Bartlum, smiling easily at his uncle's unbounded mirth, "and I have often enjoyed them myself. I am quite a cartoon, I know, and if I were wearing these clothes for fun, I don't know but that I should see the funny side more frequently."

Mr. Brown suddenly checked himself and became grave. "Sit down," he said. "I beg your pardon. You are in need of—of clothes?"

"Everything—clothes, money, a place to sleep, friends."

"Why did you come to me?"

"Why does the drowning man seize a straw?"

"What claim have you on me?"

"None—only that we are of one blood. Understand me, sir. I know you are not bound to support me. Let us forget our relationship for a moment. Consider simply that I am merely a starving man, ready and willing to do anything for a living, with not a chance in ten thousand to get a situation. Consider that you are rich, never know what it is to go hungry to bed, and can count up ten thousand friends. Consider—"

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Brown, in a great rage. "Do you suppose I am going to turn you out-of-doors? Nothing of the sort. This house is yours, sir, as long as you behave yourself. You have been a vagabond, sir—you *are* a vagabond, sir, and I have no pity for your misfortunes. John will show you to my son's room. You remember George? You can make yourself presentable, I dare say."

"Uncle, you overpower me! I expected nothing more than a dollar—and a kick."

"Go, sir! No more of your shameful levity. You shall pay me for this, sir, never fear. Throw away those shameful clothes, sir; and burn your shoes, sir—burn them!"

Mr. Bartlum was a rapid dresser, but when he returned, inside of thirty minutes, bathed, shaven, and attired in George Brown's best suit of black, his uncle had vanished; so he planted himself in his vacant chair, possessed himself of a book, and made himself comfortable. Hardly had he done so when the door flew open and a very dark young man and a very fair young woman rushed in and almost fell upon him.

"Oh, sir!" cried the young man and the young woman in a breath; and then they paused and looked at each other in evident trepidation, while Mr. Bartlum regarded them in mild surprise.

At length the girl said, in a disappointed tone: "We thought you were older than you are. Didn't we, Walter?"

"Much older," assented Walter, decisively.

"I regret to say," said James, gravely, "that I am not older than I am. But let that pass. What is the matter, my children?"

"Well, sir— You tell him, Walter."

"Well, sir, we wish to tell you the truth of this affair."

"Stay!" interposed James. "Is this a secret? Because, if it is, you had better keep it. I am a stranger to you both."

"We know it," cried Walter, eagerly; "but that makes no difference. I insist upon your hearing it."

"Oh, very well!" said Mr. Bartlum, resignedly; "since you insist, fire away!"

Walter took his companion's hand in his, and began in a very manly tone:

"Sir, we have known each other since we were six years old."

"Six years old," said Mr. Bartlum, with a judicial air. "Very good!"

"That is, I was six; and Isabel was three. We have never been separated for more than a year, and have grown to love each other—I may say ardently. Within the last month or two Uncle Brown has noticed our intimacy, and questioned Isabel about it. She confessed all. He then flew into a violent rage—he is very violent at times—"

"Yes, I know he is."

"—and actually swore at her, and forbade me the house. To-day I wrote him a note, making a formal offer for Isabel's hand, and I was to come to-morrow for an answer, but Isabel heard you were coming—"

"Indeed!"

"—and we determined to make an appeal to you. In the first place, let me ask you if I have acted wrongly in any way?"

"No!" said Mr. Bartlum, looking at Isabel with considerable admiration; "you have acted quite right. You couldn't help it."

"Then, sir," exclaimed Walter, "we appeal to you. Make an effort to soften Uncle Brown. It's only a crotchety whim of his, and you have such influence over him: you are his adviser—"

"Hold hard!" cried James. "I suspected all along that you were in the wrong box, but you would come in. Permit me, before this goes any further. Who do you think I am?"

"Ferguson, of Ferguson & Board, lawyers," cried Walter and Isabel, in a breath.

"You're mistaken; my name is James Bartlum, your cousin, from—well, say California. Just arrived this morning."

"Oh, Walter," cried Isabel, with a gasp, "what have we done?"

"We are ruined," said Walter, tragically.

"Wait a bit," said Mr. Bartlum, soothingly. "Don't break down all at once. I am getting interested in this affair. I am always on the side of youth and love, old as I am. Now that I know all, perhaps I can help you more than Ferguson. Don't say anything to Ferguson; don't appeal to him. A man with that kind of name is apt to be flinty-hearted. Trust to your cousin James."

"Oh, Cousin James!" cried Isabel, convinced at once, "bless you! You have made us feel so happy!"

"Bless you, sir!" echoed Walter, also very much affected.

"All right," rejoined Cousin James, dryly. "A brilliant and, let us hope, feasible plan has occurred to me, which for the present I shall keep in the inner recesses of my bosom. Will you trust implicitly to me?"

"Implicitly," cried Walter.

"Very well. Then—you travel out of the house."

"What!"

"Go! and when you come back to-morrow for an answer to your note, and Uncle Brown says 'No,' which he undoubtedly will, submit quietly."

"Give up Isabel? Never!"

"For a time, young man—for a time! Be a diplomate and trust to me."

"Yes, do, Walter," pleaded Isabel. "I am sure you can trust him."

"Now, then," said Cousin James, when the ardent lover had torn himself away, "you are very young, and you are a female, but you look sensible. Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes."

"I'll try you. Please sit down."

When Mr. Theophilus Brown returned from his search for the recreant Ferguson, he opened his blue eyes very wide on seeing his daughter and the ex-tramp enjoying a very lively *tête à tête*.

"Cousin Isabel and I," said James, with a smile, "are excellent friends already. I confess I did not remember her when she came in. Everybody has changed in five years except Uncle Theoph."

"Humph," growled Mr. Brown, not altogether admiring this familiarity, but yet compelled to admit that his nephew was evidently presentable.

Within a week Mr. James Bartlum had taken the Brown mansion by storm. Mr. Brown was a widower, and since George had gone away the dinners had been rather lonesome, but Cousin James changed all that. An interminable talker, with a knowledge of men and manners gained in a school to which Mr. Brown and his guests were entire strangers, and a perfect mint of anecdotes and chitchat, the young man entertained his uncle's guests in a most surprising manner. Mr. Brown was vastly amused when he pictured the consternation of his guests did they but know his nephew's antecedents, which he wisely decided to keep to himself, and then he told himself that his nephew *was* an educated gentleman, notwithstanding his scampish adventures.

Isabel was completely captivated, to the intense and growing wrath of Walter. He had religiously kept his promise, and after being refused Isabel's hand as anticipated, had been kindly allowed to make an occasional call, on each and every occasion only to find Isabel "not at home."

To the opera with Mr. Bartlum; out riding with Mr. Bartlum; here, there, everywhere with Mr. Bartlum, until Walter was reduced to skin and bone, and began to suspect that he was being duped. Once or twice at dinner he had essayed to communicate with his beloved, but the attempts were always failures. Either Mr. Brown had his eye on him, or Isabel had not her eye on him, or, as most frequently happened, Cousin James engaged him in spirited conversation until the opportunity had gone by.

After this sort of thing had been going on two entire months, the young lover had worked himself into such a fever that he made up his mind to have an explanation, or—well, anything!

The opportunity came the very next week at a ball. After some little manœuvring he ran the faithless couple to earth in a bay-window.

"Isabel," said he, trying very hard to be calm, "I have a right, and I *do* demand an explanation."

"An explanation, Walter?" said Isabel, in the innocent, inquiring tone very effectually calculated to madden the average man.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Walter, very effectually maddened, "is it possible you affect ignorance? Do you think I am blind? Faithless Isabel, had I not seen with my own eyes—"

"Don't talk so loud," interposed the faithless James, soothingly.

"Don't *you* talk to me," exclaimed Walter, passionately. "I'll have a settlement with you, sir, at another time and place."

"One moment," said Cousin James, coolly. "Permit me to remove the lady from the scene of strife."

Before Walter could interpose, they were gone, and before he could leave the window, his faithless friend had returned and taken him by the arm like a school-boy.

"Young man," he said, with a patronizing air, "you are making a donkey of yourself. After making all possible allowances for your youth and inexperience, I can not close my eyes to the fact that you are something of an idiot."

"I won't be talked to in this way," said Walter, savagely.

"Oh yes, you will. It is for your own good, my dear boy. Everything is going along very nicely, and if you will only keep quiet—"

"But I will not. I have been shamefully deceived, and unless Isabel explains everything to my satisfaction I'll do something."

"What will you do?"

"I don't know" (gloomily).

"Don't do anything rash."

"Yes, I will. I'll expose you."

"To whom?"

"To everybody. To—to Uncle Brown!"

Mr. Bartlum was panic-stricken at this announcement.

"Wretched youth! you wouldn't dare."

"Wouldn't I?" said Walter, with a dark frown. "You'll see. I am not to be trampled on with impunity. If I *am* a worm, I can turn."

With this dark and significant threat he burst away, in spite of the other's efforts to restrain him, and was seen in the supper-room shortly afterward eating oysters with a determined air.

The next day, about four in the afternoon, as James and Isabel were leaving the house for a drive, John Thomas accosted them with a message from Mr. Brown, who would be pleased to see them in the library.

"Cousin James!" cried Isabel, in great trepidation, "all is discovered."

"So it would appear," said Cousin James, tranquilly; "and there is nothing else to do than to face the music like little men. Come along, cousin."

Mr. Brown was seated in his chair of state, and at a little distance sat Master Walter, looking very pale and rather sheepish.

When the couple entered, Mr. Brown laid his hand upon a dictionary, as if he had half determined to knock somebody down, but changed his mind and said, with an assumption of irony that became him very ill, "What a charming pair! Ha! ha! Yes; quite beautiful!"

"Anything wrong, sir?" inquired James, with exasperating mildness. "You know you are *not* careful in your diet."

"Diet!" roared Mr. Brown, coming out strong as the old original Brown—"diet, sir! Confound your impudence, sir! Do you mean to try to humbug me? Do you mean to attempt to deceive me? Don't trifle with me—I know all."

"Tell us, then."

"You—you are a villain, sir."

"I deny it."

"You are—an ungrateful villain. I have warmed a serpent in my bosom."

"Meaning me, sir?"

"Yes, you. Oh, I shall not spare you! You have basely gained the affections of my daughter—wretched girl!"

"Oh, papa!"

"Go away. I have been blind, but now I see."

"I suppose," scornfully, "that Mr. Hayman assisted your eyesight?"

"He did—and quite properly, too."

"Mr. Hayman is an interested party, I believe. He has aspirations—"

"Never you mind, sir, what he has. I am talking about you now. You are engaged, I suppose?"

"Not quite."

"Indeed! I wonder at that! But the affair has gone far enough, at any rate, and I tell you plainly, sir, that it must stop—and now."

"Mr. Brown—"

"I won't listen to a word."

"But you must, you unreasonable old man. Let me sum up the situation. You have a young and lovely daughter with whom a worthy young man is madly in love."

"Worthy young man!" cried Walter, fiercely. "Do you hear that, uncle?"

"I was referring to Mr. Walter Hayman," said Mr. Bartlum, with a bland look at the speaker, "who is in every way exemplary. You refuse this worthy young man your daughter's hand, and why? Because he is worthy? Evidently. Well, here am I, a most unworthy young man, and you entertain an equally strong objection to me. How inconsistent! If this worthy young man is eligible, I am out of the question; but if he is out of the question, why not take me? You surely do not intend to make a nun of Isabel."

Mr. Theophilus Brown was evidently staggered by this remarkable piece of reasoning, and looked alternately at the worthy and unworthy rivals, and finally at the fair Isabel.

"Oh, papa!" pleaded the bone of contention, "choose for me, please. You do not know how distracted I am."

"She loves them both," murmured her father, helplessly.

"Isabel!" exclaimed Walter, imploringly.

"Respected sir," said James, placidly, "the decision rests with you. You are the judge and jury, and the evidence is all in."

"Walter," cried Mr. Brown, with great vehemence—"a thousand times Walter!"

The worthy young man and his betrothed were locked in a fervent embrace, while Mr. Brown smiled beneficently upon them.

"May a cousin's blessing rest upon you!" said James.

Mr. Brown looked at him savagely, then keenly, and then, as he met his calm and unflinching gaze, said, sharply, "You take it coolly, sir."

By way of answer the handsome vagabond closed his left eye very slowly and looked at Mr. Brown in silence. An unmistakable wink.

In an instant the old gentleman saw through the trick, but before he could open his mouth the arch-schemer laid his hand on his arm, and pointing with his thumb to the absorbed young lovers in the corner, said, in a low tone:

"Permit a graceless vagabond, sir, to treasure in his mind the thought that he has brought two loving souls together, and taught a fine old gentleman to know his own mind. You will never regret it, sir, and just reflect what might have been had your girl really thrown away her affections. Do you see the point?"

Mr. Brown, after a moment's hesitation, grasped the other's hand fervidly, and acknowledged that he did.

CANADIAN FIELD HOSPITALS.

The picture on page 312 was drawn from a sketch in the war supplement of the Montreal *Star*, and illustrates the manner in which the surgeons cared for the Canadian troops who were wounded in the fight at Fish Creek. The difficulty of providing proper care for the wounded in circumstances such as those attending the warfare that is waging between the Canadian troops and the half-breed and Indian insurgents under Riel is, of course, very great. The fights are skirmishes, and the forces are constantly moving. The country is a wilderness, offering no shelter, and the difficulties of marching in it are such as to admit of no cumbersome accompaniments in the way of hospital paraphernalia. The wounded must make the best of the circumstances; the more fortitude they have, the better for them. The picture suggests something of what they have to bear. The mufflings of the surgeon, and of the soldier who supports his patient, tell of the keen cold in which the wounded man must stand in his shirt sleeves while the surgeon is at work upon him.

THE TWELFTH REGIMENT ARMORY.

To those who recognize in the National Guard of this State the main support to the civil authorities in times of disturbance, the prospect of the erection of convenient and commodious armories in this city for the citizen soldiers will bring great satisfaction. It is hard to conceive of any reasonable explanation of the apathy which both city and State authorities have heretofore shown in the matter of providing permanent accommodations for the guard, it being no more costly, in the long-run, to pay interest on the cost of appropriate buildings than to hire inappropriate buildings from private parties. What now seems to be in a fair way of accomplishment will reward the officers who for many years have worked privately and publicly for this result. Some of the companies connected with regiments of this city trace their origin to the organizations formed as a home-guard at the close of the Revolution, when attacks on the city by the British navy were feared. For nearly a century they have retained their organization and efficiency, and have rendered service to the city and to the nation.

Previous to 1837 no rooms for drilling purposes were provided by the public authorities; and in the rooms hired by companies at their own expense it was impossible to drill more than one company. At that time the quarters of companies of the same regiment were in separate buildings, and generally in one of the public halls. The only inducement to join these companies was the love of military exercise. Nothing was provided in the equipment but the guns. All expense of uniforms and maintenance of company quarters had to be borne by the members. Under these circumstances only men of means and standing were able to join, and the tone of the organizations was of the best. In 1837, Centre Market was built, at the corner of Centre and Broome streets, and the various organizations in the city obtained the privilege of using the upper floor of the building for a drill-room. This is believed to have been the first provision of the kind, and was the result of a petition to the Common Council by the Second Company of the present Seventh Regiment. After that date companies of that and other regiments used this room on different nights of the week for company and battalion drills. In 1851, when Centre Market was pronounced unsafe for such purposes, drills were held in the Apollo Rooms, on Broadway just below Canal Street, and afterward in the National Rooms, on Canal Street near Broadway; then the Mercer House, corner of Mercer and Broome streets, the Broadway House, corner of Broadway and Grand Street, and Lafayette Hall, on Broadway opposite Niblo's. In 1855 "the butchers and other occupants of the old Tompkins Market, together with the Seventh Regiment, made application to the Common Council for the construction of a building which, whilst it would provide all the requisite market accommodations, would also provide a suitable room for the drill exercise of this regiment." This resulted in the creation of the Tompkins Market Armory, which was presented to the regiment in 1860.

It was looked upon as a great benefaction, and the grand reception given at the time was attended by the city officials. It was the first substantial recognition of services rendered by this organization in the riots of 1834, 1836, 1837, 1839, 1840, 1849, 1857, and 1859. The excitement immediately preceding and during the outbreak of the rebellion awakened an interest in the military and their wants, which resulted in a gradual improvement in the condition of regimental quarters. New regiments organized at this period and during the rebellion were provided with temporary quarters, except in the case of the Twenty-second Regiment, which is the only one now in existence. Of these temporary quarters it is unnecessary to speak in detail. The demands for such accommodations were great, and were never fully met. Of the regiments in existence in 1867 fourteen have been disbanded, including one of artillery and two of cavalry. There are at present eight regiments and two batteries of artillery in the First Division, and only one of them, the Seventh, is lodged in a suitable armory. The success of the Seventh in obtaining their fine armory was due to the private efforts of the members during twelve years. Other less fortunate organizations have been accommodated with lofts over stables and markets, and can offer no inducements to recruits to join their ranks, which are much depleted. The law under which armories have been provided leaves it to the discretion of the city to erect or lease. This has naturally resulted in the renting of buildings from private parties, as causing the smallest outlay at the time. It was not until 1883 that a suitable provision was inserted in the military law of the State, when an act was passed by the Legislature known as the Military Code, and providing for the purchase of land and the erection of armories. Even this was found inoperative as regards this city, and in 1884 an amendment was passed creating the present Armory Board, consisting of the Mayor, the Major-General commanding the First Division, and the Commissioner of Public Works, and providing for the issue of bonds to meet the expense of armory sites and armory buildings.

Soon after the organization of the Armory Board in May, 1884, an application for a suitable armory building was made by the commanding officer of the Twelfth Regiment. The need of this organization for better quarters than they now occupy had long been evident. The application, including the choice of site, was promptly approved by the Armory Board and Sinking Fund Commissioners, and the plot of ground at Sixty-first and Sixty-second streets and Ninth Avenue, comprising twenty city lots, was purchased about October 1. Upon solicitation, plans were prepared in competition by five well-known architects, and from these the plans presented by James E. Wark were chosen as in all respects the best. In December the Sinking Fund Commissioners appropriated $290,691 92 to be expended in the erection of the building, and during the same month contracts were executed for the entire structure.

The illustration on page 308 is taken from the perspective drawing in the possession of the architect. The original plan was for a much higher and more imposing building, but it was found necessary to reduce the cost, and the height and size of the towers were lessened.

The location of the armory for the Twelfth Regiment was fixed on the west side of the city, where there is a good recruiting field, and where the elevated roads of Ninth and Sixth avenues are very accessible. For the protection of the west side no better location could be chosen. The ground to be covered has an area of about 50,000 square feet. The whole 200 feet is taken on Ninth Avenue, extending 175 feet on Sixty-first Street and 325 feet on Sixty-second Street. This allows of the erection of a drill building 200 × 175 feet, with entrance from Ninth Avenue, and an executive building connected with it facing on Sixty-second Street, and extending 150 feet west of the drill building, with a depth of 90 feet. The style of architecture is a free treatment of the castellated Norman, which in many respects is the best adapted for a building of this character, both æsthetically and practically. The battlements surmounting the walls, and the projecting towers and buttresses, are not only picturesque, but add materially to the strength of the building, and afford means of defense of great value.

The defense of the building and the adjacent streets seems to have been carefully studied. The main tower, which is over the entrance to the executive building on Sixty-second Street, rises to a height of 110 feet. The roof of the drill building will be supported by six steel trusses. The drill floor will be of concrete laid directly on the ground, but entirely disconnected from the walls and trusses. Light will be obtained from a clerestory in the roof. A rifle range 21 feet wide and 200 feet long is situated at the Sixty-second Street side of the building, and is partly under the drill floor. The main floor of the executive building is level with the large drill floor. The basement furnishes boiler-rooms, lavatories, store-rooms, magazine, and the anteroom for rifle range. The main corridors are in the centre of the executive building, and run east and west. East of the main entrance, on either side of the corridor, and connecting directly with the large drill floor, are two squad drill-rooms. The stairs are south of the corridor, and opposite the main entrance. West of the main entrance are convenient rooms for the colonel, adjutant, field and staff and board of officers, and on the south side of the corridor a general meeting-room and company officers' room. The armorer's room is a one-story extension covering the area south of one of the small drill-rooms, and connecting directly with the large drill-room. The second floor is divided equally into eleven rooms, each 24 × 36 feet, all having two or more windows opening directly on the outer air. These furnish excellent company rooms, and are as nearly as possible equally desirable. The third floor, which does not extend west of the main tower, has two large store-rooms, which may be used for a gymnasium. The drum corps and band rooms are on this floor. In the arrangement of rooms it is understood that the wishes of the regiment have been complied with as far as possible, although no attempt seems to have been made to provide for anything but the absolute necessities of the service.

It is proposed to furnish the interior simply and at the least possible expense; but it is probable that the regiment will take pride in adding to the conveniences of the building, and will make their quarters exceedingly attractive to their friends as well as comfortable for themselves.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The Harvard *Crimson* explains that the group of men seen of an afternoon on the southern end of Jarvis Field, and "who, with their legs guarded by curious pads, stand at the end of a smooth gravel-path and bat the balls thrown at them by the bowler," are the cricket eleven practicing. The *Crimson* adds that the curious game of cricket is played at Harvard because the university receives a large percentage of the graduates of St. Paul's School, where the game is especially encouraged.

A newspaper paragraph says that "mosquitoes have made their appearance in southern New Jersey." To this information we may add that coals have made their appearance in Newcastle.

Wonders are apt to occur a long way from home. Æsop expressed this idea in his fable concerning the man who boasted of having made an extraordinary jump at Rhodes, and to whom a by-stander suggested that he should imagine himself in Rhodes, and try the jump again. The *Indian Medical Gazette*, however, is authority for the statement that seven shepherds and a large number of animals were killed recently in the Belgaum district by a shower of hailstones of the size of cocoa-nuts.

Italian antiquarians have discovered false teeth in a skull which was excavated in an ancient Etruscan cemetery. The sepulchre from which the skull was taken dates, according to experts, from the fifth or sixth century B.C. The false teeth are animal teeth, and are attached to the natural teeth of the skull by means of small gold plates.

A nurse in Munich, according to a story which comes from there, set her little charge on the grass, in order that it might amuse itself by rolling about and getting green stains on its frock. Suddenly a large eagle swooped by the face of the policeman who was talking to the nurse, and attacked the baby. Quick as a flash the nurse threw her shawl at the eagle. The shawl settled over the noble but unscrupulous bird in such a way that it not only blinded him, but prevented him from using his wings, and the policeman was enabled easily to take him in. When the King of Bavaria heard the story he sent a handsome present to the nurse, and ordered the eagle to be sent to the menagerie. No distinction was conferred upon the policeman, although the misdemeanor of his talking to the nurse was overlooked, nor upon the baby, whose luck in escaping from the eagle was considered sufficient.

It is said that pastry-cooks in Paris use vaseline as a substitute for butter, lard, and oil. Possibly the cooks fancy that a new market will be opened for their pastry when the public comes to discover that it is good for chapped hands.

A Mexican historian is trying to prove that America was discovered in the fifth century by a party of Buddhist monks from Afghanistan, one of whom remained here for forty-one years before returning to Asia. If the Mexican historian is successful, it is reasonable to think that American sympathy will immediately respond to the natural chords which will have been touched, and go out unreservedly to the Ameer and the people of the father-land, now menaced by the Russian hordes that are assembled almost at the gates of Herat.

It is so arranged by beneficent nature that a poet may write a timely poem upon the advent of spring in Toledo, and then journeying to Buffalo in the most leisurely manner, write there another poem of the same nature and equally timely. The current of Lake Erie is said to affect the temperature by the shores in such a way that the spring-time reaches Toledo from two to four weeks before its arrival at Buffalo.

The only recorded attempt of a lioness to devour herself is reported from Dublin. The lioness was in captivity, and constituted part of the show in a zoological garden. One morning it was discovered that six inches of her tail had been gnawed off. She was watched, and was seen in the course of the day to gnaw off as much more of her tail as she could get at, whereafter she began to eat her fore-paws. She was shot. One explanation offered of the singular conduct of the animal is that she pined in captivity, and deliberately set about to destroy herself. Another is that she was afflicted with hysteria, and was not responsible for what she did. It being a first case, it is hardly reasonable to demand a positive statement of the cause. More may be learned when another lioness makes a similar attempt.

Complaint is made that in Dublin 31,202 families live in 7284 houses containing 48,116 rooms. One hundred and seventy-five Dublin houses which as freeholds are valued at £8677 are sublet to poor tenants for £8311 a year, and one house which is valued at £8 is occupied by eight families, who pay a rent of £82 a year.

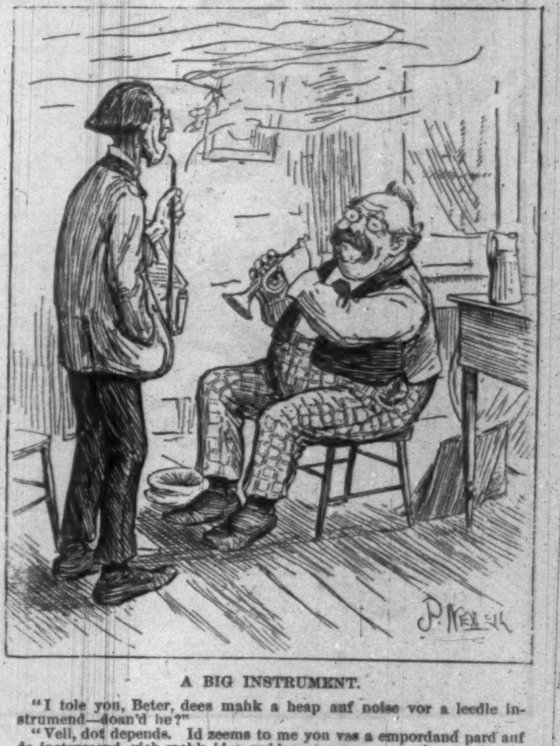
"Jewels on children," says the Lahore (India) *Gazette*, "have at all times been a source of crime. Within the last fortnight, at Amritsar, two cruel robberies with violence have been perpetrated. Both were on school-girls. One little girl was going down the street, when her nose-ring was snatched out of her nose by a thief, who ran off, leaving the child frightened and crying bitterly, for her nose was torn. The other robbery was similar. A little girl left her school to dry what she used instead of a slate. A scoundrel, seeing her, snatched out her nose ornament and disappeared."

It having been brought to the notice of a tramp who was mentally enfeebled that there were authenticated instances of weakness of the mind having been cured by work, he smiled idiotically and inquired, "Who wants to be cured?"

An officer of Kaiser Wilhelm's army posted at Cologne recently put on the cap of a brother officer by mistake. For some reason, perhaps, though apparently without reason, the owner of the cap regarded the other's act as an insult, and a duel followed, in which one of the officers was killed. It is a pity that this cap, having twice a chance, could not have lit upon more sensible brains.

Charleston, South Carolina, hopes to have by August next the deepest Artesian well in the world. If it fulfills expectations it will be two thousand feet deep, will have a diameter of at least six inches at the bottom, and will yield four million gallons of water a day—enough for the ample supply of the whole city. Work upon it is just about beginning. There are manufacturers in rocky New England who would bless their stars to be able to sink such a well in so short a time.

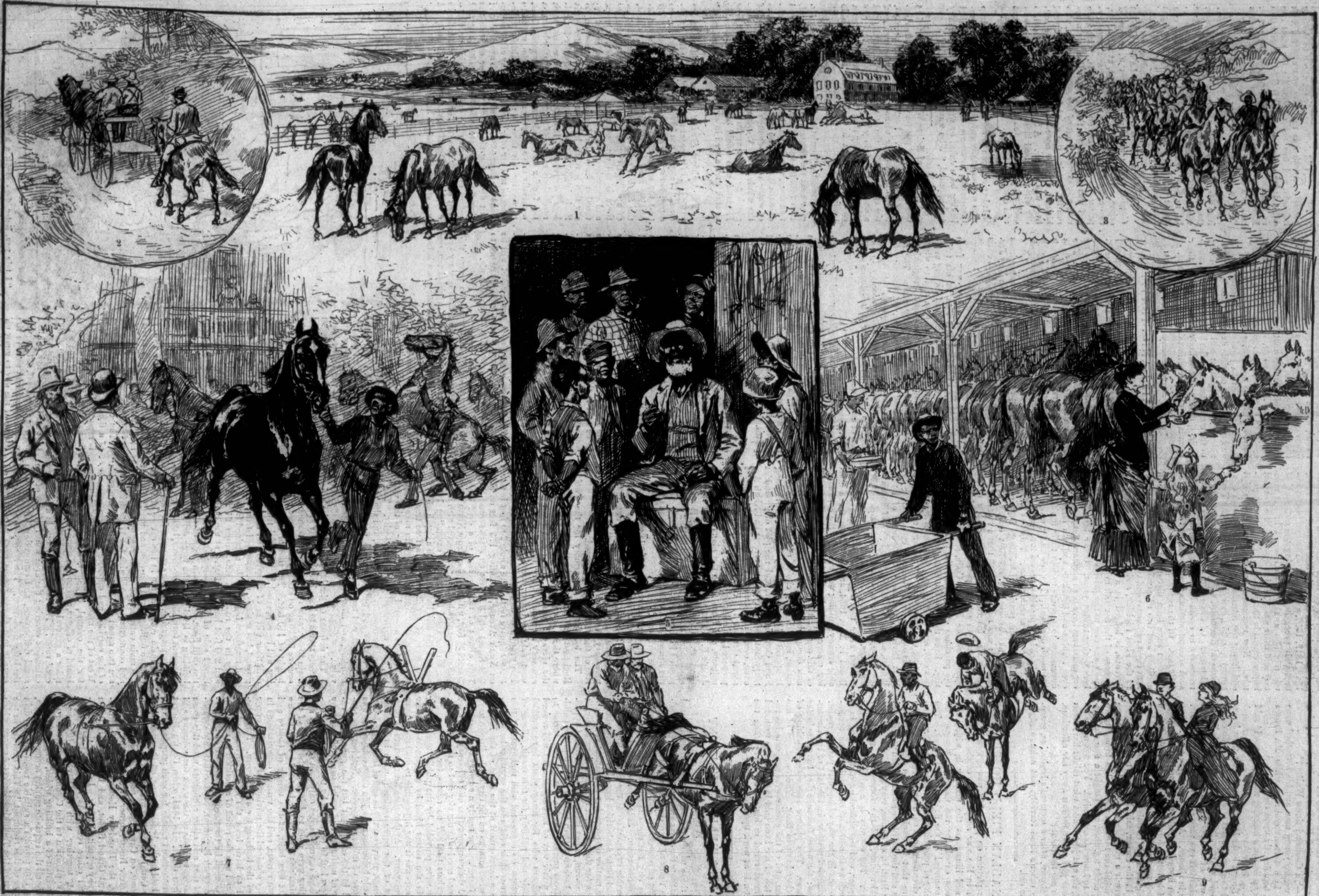
The Amherst *Student* quotes President Seelye as saying, in a recent ethical lecture to the Freshmen, "If any of you have the opportunity, decline a position on the *Student*, for it is my observation that the scholarship of a man declines after accepting such a position." In response to this, the *Student* asks "whether the *summum bonum* of a college course is a high rank, and whether there is not compensation in the literary work and experience of journalism for the slight detraction from the text-book," and goes on to say that it reads between the lines of President Seelye's advice that he has no sympathy for college journalism. It adds: "When we see such revelations as this of a lack of sympathy between the faculty and students in their organizations, especially one so worthy as journalism, we cease to wonder why there is not that healthful influence of teacher over student. Many other reflections are suggested, not all of which are pleasant; but dismissing all others, we labor on with the thought that we are endeavoring to build up and reflect credit upon the college, while our President not only does not appreciate it, but seeks to cripple us. The *Student*, however, still lives, and will appear a fortnight hence."



A BIG INSTRUMENT.

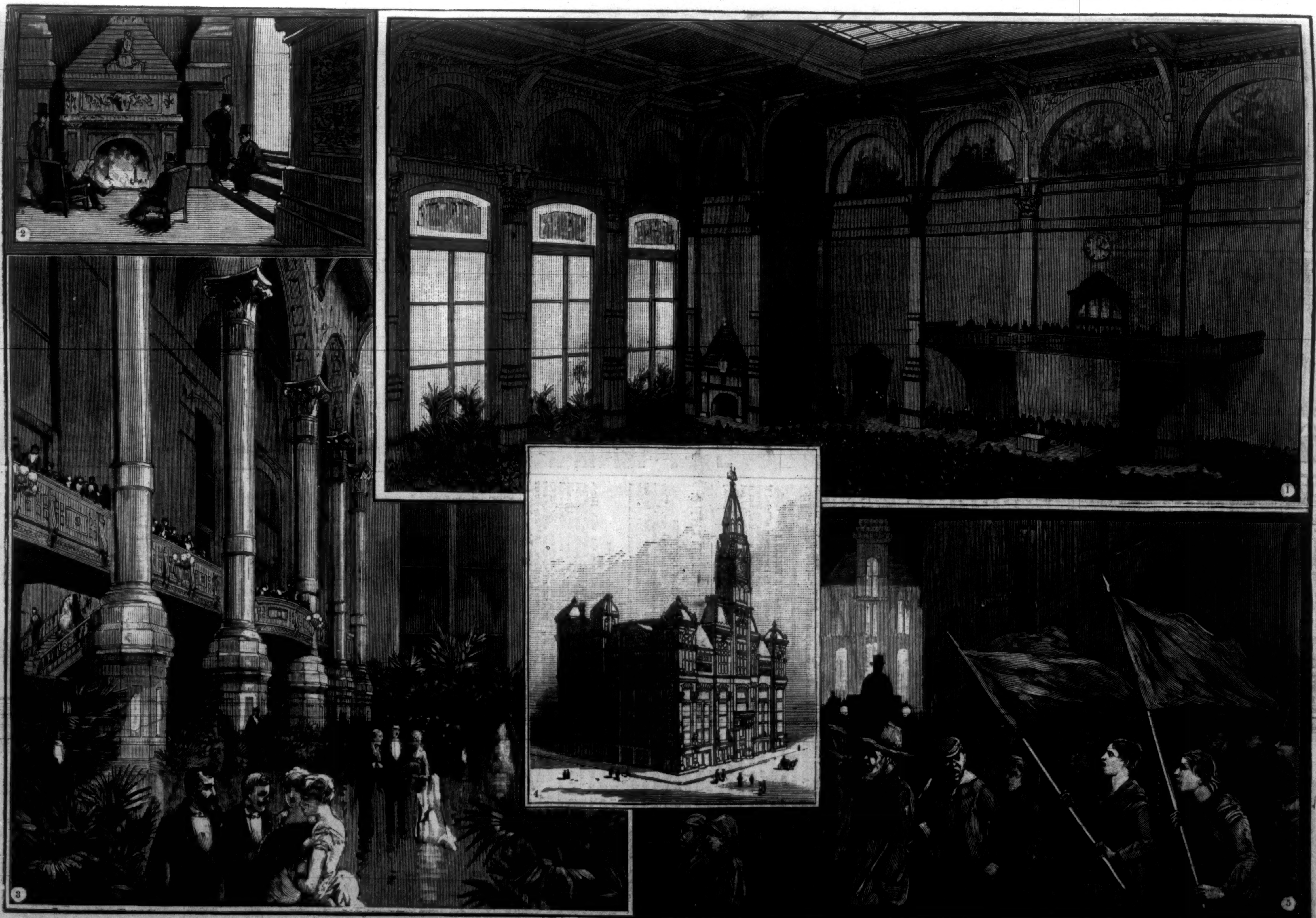
"I tole you, Beter, dees mahk a heap auf noise vor a leedle instrumend—doan'd he?"

"Vell, dot depends. Id zeems to me you vas a empordand pard auf de instrumend, vich mahk id a rudder peeg vwan vor de sound onyhow—doan'd id?"



A STOCK FARM OF THOROUGH-BREDS IN KENTUCKY.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from Sketches made in Kentucky by A. Berghaus.—[See Page 318.]

1. In the Pasture. 2. Going up to the Farm. 3. On the way to the Railroad. 4. Showing the Colts. 5. The Superintendent and the Boys. 6. Petting the Youngsters. 7. Breaking to Saddle. 8. Breaking to Harness. 9. Going to School.



THE NEW BOARD OF TRADE IN CHICAGO.—Drawn by H. F. Farney.—[See Page 318.]

1. Opening Exercises in the New Hall, April 29. 2. Fire-Place. 3. Promenade Concert, April 28. 4. The New Building. 5. Communist Demonstration on the Night of April 28.

THE CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE.

Of all the "big things" to which the genius of Chicago runs none is bigger in its way than the new Board of Trade, which performs for Chicago the function performed for New York by the even bigger and costlier new Produce Exchange. The Chicago building is, however, very big, as will be seen by the illustration on page 317, and cost $2,000,000. The celebration of the change from the old building to the new was begun on April 28, and was continued on the following day, when the change was actually made. On the first day, in the old building, an address was made by Congressman **Dunham**, ex-President of the Board; **Thomas Keene**, the tragedian, recited Marc Antony's oration; and **Nat Goodwin**, the comedian, entertained the audience.

In the evening there was a promenade concert in the new hall. While this was in progress some 500 Socialists assembled in Market Square, and after listening to speeches directed against the Board of Trade, marched to the new building, where they attempted to make a demonstration, but were dispersed by the police.

The exercises in the new building on April 29 included an address by President **Blake**, prayer by the Rev. **Clinton Locke**, the turning-over of the keys of the building to the President of the Board, an oration by **Emery A. Storrs**, and addresses by the Hon. **Edward Kemble**, of the Boston Board of Trade, **Stanford White**, who extended the congratulations of the Liverpool Board, **Charles B. Stone**, of San Francisco, President **Herrick**, of the New York Produce Exchange, **Hugh McClennan**, of Montreal, and others. In the evening five hundred members and delegates had dinner at the Grand Pacific Hotel, and heard speeches by ex-Postmaster-General **Gresham**, Governor **Oglesby**, Mayor **Harrison**, General **Schofield**, and representatives of the boards of trade of different cities.

THOROUGH-BREDS IN KENTUCKY.

It is a Kentucky axiom that there is no spot on earth which is quite so fine as the blue-grass country, the celebrated home of American fine horses. One popular delusion in regard to it is that the rich grass which covers its rolling pastures is really blue. Even in Kentucky there is a suspicion that it is slightly blue in the month of June. The fact is that it takes its name from the rock stratum of blue limestone over which it grows. The blue limestone is a rich fertilizer, and makes excellent grass, and it furnishes as well a perfect body for the turnpike roads, and material for the smooth and handsome walls which abound throughout the section.

A stock-breeding farm in the blue-grass country is, of course, an object of interest to one who is learned in horses, but it is peculiarly delightful to one who is not. It is full of peacefulness and good air and health. A recent description says that the proprietors are "rather country gentlemen than ordinary farmers," and adds that they "are, on the whole, of a sober-minded, even religious cast. Grace is said before meat, and the family conveyance is regularly got out on Sunday mornings for driving to church in the next town."

Features and incidents common to the stock-raising farms of the blue-grass country are illustrated on page 316. The stables commonly do not attempt magnificence, as some of the Northern stables do, but they are clean and wholesome, and wholly serve their purpose. The farm hands are chiefly negroes, men and boys. They are said to have a natural love for the horse, and although a measure of laziness may be charged against them, they are preferred on the farms to any other labor.

The blue-grass country is the home alike of runners and of trotters. The breeding of the best trotters had its start there when Mambrino Chief was brought out in 1854, and Alexander's Abdallah in 1858. "In these two names," says a writer, "is epitomized a history of equine greatness." Good running stock was brought into the State by the fox-hunting Virginians who settled it, and was followed by a supply of English thorough-breds or their immediate descendants, and from these have come such runners as Ten Broeck, Preakness, Iroquois, Parole, and Foxhall. Maud S. is a trotter that came out of the blue-grass country.

VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.

The busy town of Portici has had an exciting week. As everybody knows, Portici is situated on the shore of the Bay of Naples, nearly at the foot of Vesuvius. It is inhabited by about ten thousand people, all of whom live by offering horses and donkeys to tourists about to ascend Vesuvius, and then compromise by accepting a few soldi when their animals are refused. This thriving industry has just been threatened with complete destruction, for Vesuvius has burst into eruption, and a stream of lava has begun to glide toward Portici.

It is the conviction among the inhabitants of Portici that the Neapolitans have of late grown fearfully wicked. The good San Gennaro, who protects Naples from the eruptions of Vesuvius, is understood to have saved his favorite city by an agreement which leaves Portici to be destroyed whenever the sins of Naples inexorably demand punishment. "Pecca Napoli, paga Portici," is a proverb long current on the shores of the blue Vesuvian bay, and its truth is devoutly and submissively believed by the people of Portici.

Three times already have the sins of Naples required expiation by the destruction of Portici. The railway train which passes through the town on its way to or from South Italy passes through deep cuttings made in the black lava that has engulfed earlier editions of Portici, and thus furnished building material for a new town. When the lava reaches the town, the people withdraw without much lamentation. They know that the destruction of their houses is inevitable, but they fix their attention on the souls of the Neapolitans, and pray that Naples, purified at the expense of Portici, may remain virtuous, and so render further purification unnecessary.

The present eruption of Vesuvius offers the magnificent spectacle of the pine-tree cloud of smoke, which, according to Pliny the Younger, was seen at the time of the destruction of Pompeii. The shape of the pine-tree is somewhat obscured by the dense cloud which has settled down toward the top of the cone, but it can still be distinctly perceived in the picture on our front page. The estimated height of this column of smoke above the top of the cone is fully 2000 feet. The height of the cone itself varies from time to time, for each successive eruption makes great changes in both the cone and the crater. At the time of the beginning of the eruption now in progress the cone was about 3400 feet above the level of the sea. The pillar of cloud which now hangs over the mountain must, therefore, reach to the height of 5400 feet.

Vesuvius is of immense benefit to Naples financially as well as spiritually. It is the chief attraction of the place, and since the railway from the *Atrio dei Cavalli* to the summit of the cone was put in operation the number of tourists who annually visit the crater has been enormously increased. Naples may, however, lose her volcano in course of time. When in earlier times either Monte Epomeo, on the island of Ischia, or Monte Volture, in Aprilis, were active volcanoes, Vesuvius was quiet. Should either one of the elder volcanoes resume activity, Vesuvius would again become a harmless mountain, and scores of hotel-keepers would be plunged into grief and poverty.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Dr. Jos. Holt, New Orleans, La., says: "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility, loss of appetite, and in convalescence from exhaustive illness, and particularly of service in treatment of women and children."—[*Adv.*]

AN OFFENSIVE BREATH

Is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases, as thousands can testify.—[*Adv.*]

TO OWNERS OF HORSES AND CATTLE.
TOBIAS'
DERBY CONDITION POWDERS

Are warranted superior to any other or no pay. They are innocent to give, and are used by prominent horsemen and cattle-raisers. Only 25 cents. Sold by the Druggists' and Saddlers' Depot, 42 Murray Street, New York, where the Family and Horse Venetian Liniment can be obtained.—[*Adv.*]

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is of great value in all wasting disorders. Its strengthening and fattening properties are attested by the hundreds of thousands who have used it, and by the medical profession. It is especially useful after pneumonia, in healing the lungs and building up the system. We will send a four-ounce sample free for trial, excepting express charges. Address Scott & Bowne, 132 South Fifth Ave., New York.—[*Adv.*]

Send your furs and seal-skins for alterations and repairs to C. C. Shayne, Furrier, 103 Prince St. Furs stored during the summer in cedar-lined cases, and insured against all loss. Moderate charges.—[*Adv.*]

A "trial package" of Biliousine will be sent by mail to any address upon receipt of a two-cent postage stamp. Biliousine is a sure cure for Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, and Malaria. Snow & Earle, Providence, R. I.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE
Softens the hair when harsh and dry.
Soothes the irritated scalp.
Affords the richest lustre.
Prevents the hair from falling off.
Promotes its healthy, vigorous growth.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Fenner's St. Vitus Dance Specific always cures. Circular reporting cases cured. Fredonia, N.Y.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

CLARKE'S PATENT
PYRAMID NIGHT LIGHTS
FOR BURNING IN HIS
PYRAMID NIGHT LAMPS AND
PYRAMID NURSERY LAMPS.
S. CLARKE, PATENTEE, LON: ENG: AND
EXCHANGE ALLEY, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.
SOLD RETAIL AT ALL DRUG STORES.

For the Toilet.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is indispensable to a complete toilet. It is an agreeably perfumed dressing, and renders the hair soft and lustrous. It stimulates weak and thin hair to renewed growth, and restores faded or gray hair to its original color and beauty.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a number of years, and it has always given me satisfaction. It is an excellent dressing, prevents the hair from turning gray, insures its vigorous growth, and keeps the scalp white and clean."
MARY A. JACKSON,
Salem, Mass.

"I had been gray for nearly ten years before commencing the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Since using it my hair has been restored to its original color, and very much increased in growth."
ETHEL TROTTER, Norfolk, Va.

"Several years ago I was afflicted with a humor in my scalp, which caused my hair to fall out, so that I became nearly bald. The use of Ayer's Hair Vigor cured me of the humor, checked the falling out of hair, and restored it to its original healthy condition."
J. B. YOUNG, Carrollton, Md.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,
PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

BUFFALO
LITHIA WATER,
Nature's Great Remedy
For BRIGHT'S DISEASE of the KIDNEYS.

Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, of New York, Surgeon-General U.S. Army (retired), Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the University of New York, &c.

"I have for some time made use of the Buffalo Lithia Water in cases of affections of the *Nervous System* complicated with *Bright's Disease of the Kidneys*, or with a *Gouty Diathesis. The results have been eminently satisfactory.*"

Dr. Austin Flint, in his "Practice of Medicine," under the head of *Bright's Disease*, says: "Symptoms referable to the *Nervous System are among the most important* of those belonging to the clinical history of the disease."

It is evident, then, that Dr. Hammond attests the efficacy of the Water in *the most formidable presentations of Bright's Disease.*

Water, in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles, $5.00 per case at the Springs.
Springs Pamphlet mailed to any address.
THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor,
BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK.
MILKMAID BRAND.
Economical and convenient for all kitchen purposes. Better for babies than uncondensed milk. Sold everywhere.

To Embroider
CRAZY QUILTS,

Get Brainerd & Armstrong's factory ends, called Waste Embroidery. 40 cts. will buy one ounce, which would cost One Dollar in Skeins. All good silk and beautiful colors. Designs for 100 styles of Crazy Stitches enclosed in each package. Send 40 cts. in stamps or postal note to THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO., 621 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE COMPLEXION MASK.
(Patented Sept. 4, 1877.)

By the Parfumerie Monte Christo, of world-wide reputation, cures all blemishes, effaces unsightly wrinkles, and gives the face a fresh and youthful appearance. Endorsed and recommended by the most eminent physicians. Price $2.00, complete. Money refunded if it fails to do the same. L. SHAW, 54 West 14th Street, near Macy's, only depot, New York.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

HENLEY'S CHALLENGE ROLLER-SKATE,
ACKNOWLEDGED BY EXPERTS AS THE MOST COMPLETE, SCIENTIFIC SKATE, and by Rink Men as the MOST DURABLE one in the market. Liberal terms to the trade. For new 48-page Illustrated Catalogue, send 4c. stamp to

HENLEY SKATE

HENLEY SKATE

M. C. HENLEY, Richmond, Ind. Mention this paper.

1850—1885.
Beginning of the 71st Volume.

A New Novel by
W. D. HOWELLS,
ENTITLED
"INDIAN SUMMER,"
Will begin in the July Number.

HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
(No. 421)
FOR JUNE
Contains:

Paolo and Francesca.
Frontispiece. Engraved by W. B. Closson from the Painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.;

East Angels—Part VI.
A Novel. By Constance Fenimore Woolson;

At the Red Glove (Concluded).
A Novel. Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart;

Ladies' Day at the Ranch.
A Kansas Prairie Sketch. By Alice Wellington Rollins. Illustrated by Mr. and Mrs. R. Swain Gifford;

A Wild-Goose Chase. III. The Descent.
By F. D. Millet. Illustrated by the Author and R. Swain Gifford;

Bogota.
By Lieut. H. R. Lemly, U.S.A. Illustrated;

To a June Rose.
Poem. By Austin Dobson. Illustrated by Alfred Parsons;

Knoxville in the Olden Time.
By Edmund Kirke. With Illustrations by Howard Pyle;

A Night with the Germans.
By R. F. Zogbaum. Illustrated by the Author;

A Secret of the Sea.
A Story. By Brander Matthews;

A Georgian at the Opera.
A Humorous Sketch. By Mary Tucker Magill;

The Watts Exhibition.
By F. D. Millet;

English in the Schools.
By Professor A. S. Hill;

How Earthquakes are Caused.
By Richard A. Proctor;

Margaret Fuller.
By Rebecca B. Spring;

Poems
By Louise Chandler Moulton, Joel Benton, Robert Burns Wilson, D. H. R. Goodale, and Charles W. Coleman, Jr.;

Editor's Easy Chair.
Newspaper Pictures of Life.—Henry Irving.—General Simeon De Witt's Pepper-box.—An Unscrupulous Interviewer.—Lincoln and Grant;

Editor's Literary Record.

Editor's Historical Record.

Editor's Drawer.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY (One Number a week for 52 weeks)	10 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

Index to Harper's Magazine, 1 to 60. 8vo, Cloth.. 4 00

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, comprising the titles of between three and four thousand volumes, will be sent by mail on receipt of Ten Cents.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

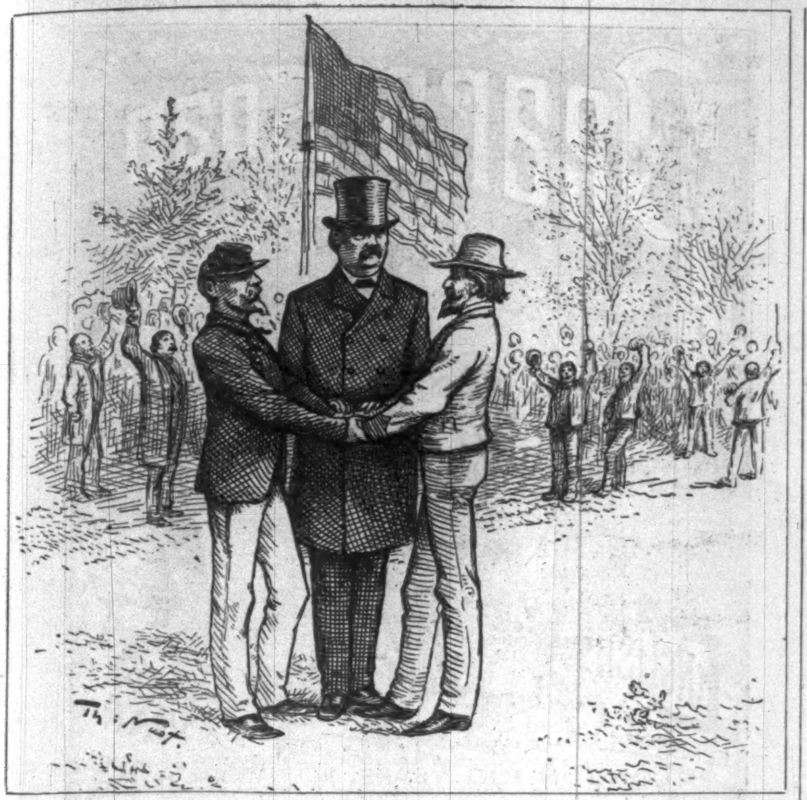
A SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR "CHAPPED HANDS."

OUR TRADE MARK
BARBERS BAR SOAP
The J.B. WILLIAMS CO.
The J.B. Williams Co.
GLASTONBURY, CONN.
THE J.B. WILLIAMS CO'S
BARBERS' BAR SOAP
6
ROUND CAKES.

To protect the public from counterfeits we have secured the annexed Trade-Mark.

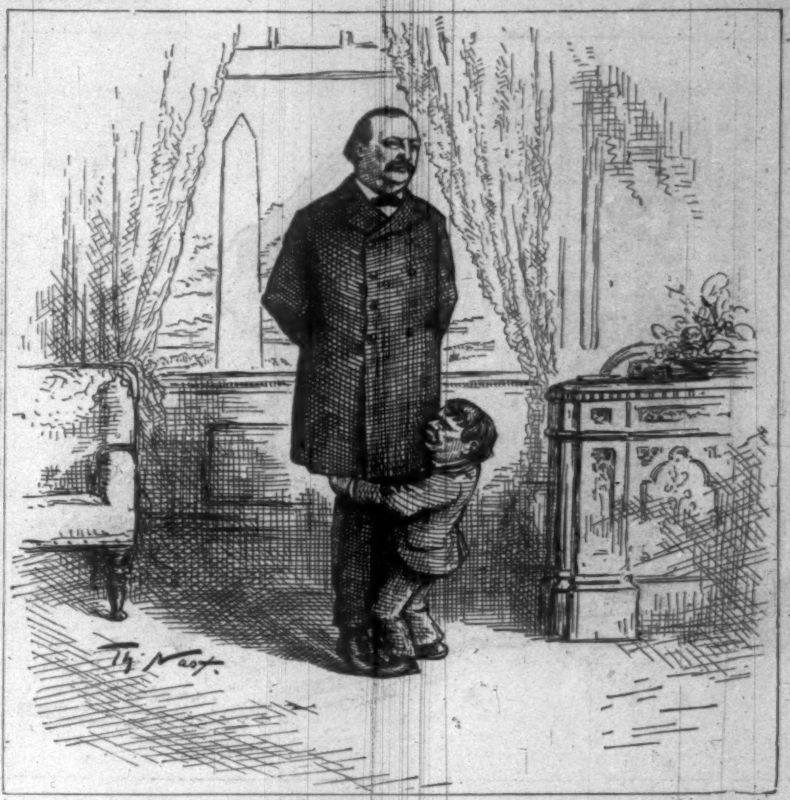
It is because nothing can be SAFER or MORE DELIGHTFUL for the Toilet or Bath, than a SHAVING SOAP of perfect PURITY and MILDNESS, that this article is so extensively used for TOILET purposes. It is a LUXURY with which no lover of fine soap can AFFORD to be unacquainted. Put up in square and round cakes; also, in pound bars. Ask your Druggist for it, or send 2c. stamp for trial sample. Be sure your Barber uses it. Williams' Genuine Yankee and other Shaving Soaps are the finest in the world.

A SUMMER-RESORT GUIDE
Sent Free. Address A. V. H. Carpenter, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.



GETTYSBURG, MAY 4th, 1885.

"While the South and the North proclaim in one voice,
The flag of the Union is the flag of our choice."



HENRY WATTERSON GIVING THE PRESIDENT A LIFT.

President Cleveland. "Now, see that you don't drop me."

FOR WOMEN

Physicians and Druggists Recommend

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

TRADE MARK QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY

This medicine combines Iron with pure vegetable tonics, and is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women**, and all who lead sedentary lives. It **Enriches** and **Purifies** the **Blood**, **Stimulates** the **Appetite**, **Strengthens** the **Muscles** and **Nerves**—in fact, thoroughly **Invigorates**.

Clears the complexion, and makes the skin smooth.

It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*all other Iron medicines do.*

Mrs. Elizabeth Baird, 74 Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., says, under date of Dec. 26th, 1884:

"I have used Brown's Iron Bitters, and it has been more than a doctor to me, having cured me of the weakness ladies have in life. Also cured me of Liver Complaint, and now my complexion is clear and good. Has been beneficial to my children."

Genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. **Take no other.** Made only by **BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.**

Ladies' Hand Book—useful and attractive, containing list of prizes for recipes, information about coins, etc., given away by all dealers in medicine, or mailed to any address on receipt of 2c. stamp.

The Famous English Custard Powder—Produces DELICIOUS CUSTARD WITHOUT EGGS, at HALF THE COST AND TROUBLE.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Sold in Boxes at 18 cents, sufficient for 3 pints, and 36 cents, sufficient for 7 pints.

A GREAT LUXURY.

Inventors and Manufacturers, Alfred Bird & Sons, *Birmingham, England. Sold by all Grocers.*

PASTRY and SWEETS Mailed Free. EVANS & SHOWELL, Philadelphia, Pa., & 21 Park Pl., N. Y., Sole Ag'ts for U. S. A., will Mail Free, on receipt of address, "Pastry & Sweets," a little work containing Practical Hints & Original Recipes for Tasty Dishes for the Dinner and Supper table.

Facial Development.—I will mail to you a code of rules for developing the muscles of the cheeks and neck, making them look plump and rosy; also rules for using dumb-bells to develop every muscle of arm and body, all for 50c. Mention *Harper's Weekly*. Prof. L. D. Down, School for Physical Culture, 19 *E. 14 St., N. Y.*

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S

BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING

ROSES

Our Great Specialty is growing and distributing **ROSES**—we deliver strong Pot Plants, suitable for *immediate* bloom, safely by mail at all Post Offices. **5 Splendid Varieties,** *your choice,* all labeled, for **$1; 12 for $2; 35 for $5; 100 for $12.** Also

OTHER VARIETIES 2, 3, & 10 FOR $1

according to value. Send for our **New Guide,** 76 pp elegantly illus. and choose from over **500** finest sorts. Address, **THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.,** Rose Growers, **West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.**

OPIUM and MORPHINE HABIT

Dr. H. H. KANE, formerly of the DeQuincey Home, now offers a Remedy whereby any one can be cured quickly and painlessly at home. For testimonials and endorsements from eminent medical men. Send stamp to H. H. KANE, 19 East 14th Street, New York.

Arnold Constable & Co

UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY.

Gentlemen's Shirts and Pants, Pure Silk, Silk and Wool Mixtures, Gauze, Merino, Cashmere, and Balbriggan in Ecru and Fancy Colors.

Ladies' and Misses' Silk Vests in Gauze and Medium Weights. Also, Balbriggan, Gauze, Cashmere, and Merino Under-Vests and Drawers.

Silk Hosiery, for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, in great variety of styles, Plain, Ribbed, Embroidered, and Lace.

Broadway & 19th st.

"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

Disfiguring Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the *cause.*

Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from Cuticura, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

Cuticura Remedies are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, $1.

Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

SPECIAL NOTICE

TO READERS OF

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1882, 1883, *and* 1884. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.*

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Finest and cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Annual Sale, 8,000,000 jars.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable tonic. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," &c.

Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. The title "Baron Liebig" and photograph having been largely used by dealers with no connection with Baron Liebig, the public are informed that the Liebig Company alone can offer the article with Baron Liebig's guarantee of genuineness.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, JAMES P. SMITH, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, THURBER, WHYLAND, & CO., FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

MELLIN'S

TRADE ORA ET LABORA MARK

FOOD

For INFANTS AND INVALIDS. The only perfect substitute for Mother's Milk. The most nourishing diet for invalids and nursing mothers. Keeps in all climates. Commended by physicians. Sold everywhere. Send for our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants." Sent free.

DOLIBER, GOODALE, & CO., Boston, Mass.

VELOUTINE FAY

Invaluable for the Freshness and Beauty of the Complexion and the SKIN.

CHARLES FAY,
Perfumer,
9 RUE DE LA PAIX,
Paris.

The Most Celebrated RICE POWDER.

Prepared with Bismuth.

Sold by the Fine Trade.

SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S.

R. D. WARBURG & Cie.

G. BOSSANGE, Agent,

476--478 Broome street, New York.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER. Packages, **25c.** Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling, and wholesome beverage. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of **25c.** C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Del. Ave., Phila., Pa.

PLUMBING. Durham System (screw-joint) used at Pullman. Pamphlet free. *Durham House Drainage Co.,* 160 West 27th St., N. Y.

Curves.—The Science of Curve Pitching. Plain and complete Instructions by experienced Twirler. Price, in paper, postpaid, 50c. A. S. ROSS, Publisher, 534 Delaware Street, Kansas City, Mo.

A FREE HOME. San Luis Park, Col., Homestead, pre-emption, tree claims. Farming by irrigation, safest system. No drouth, no floods. Canal completed. Water ready. Crops absolutely sure first season. Home market. Surrounded by free grazing ranges. For full information, address, COLORADO LOAN & TRUST Co., Denver, Col.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,

Have Just Published:

Democratic Government.

A Study of Politics. By Albert Stickney, Author of "A True Republic." pp. 170. 12mo, Cloth, $1.00.

The chief immediate purpose in writing this book is to convince its readers that the most pressing present political need of the people of the United States is the calling of a National Constitutional Convention, in accordance with the provisions of our national Constitution, to consider the question of constitutional amendment.

In it I propose to consider—
I. The Definition of Democratic Government.
II. The Principles of Democratic Government.
III. Wherein our Government is not Democratic.
IV. The Form of a Democratic Government.
V. The Working of a Democratic Government.
VI. How our Government is to be Made Democratic.
—*Extract from Introduction.*

Diet for the Sick.

A Treatise on the Values of Foods, their Application to Special Conditions of Health and Disease, and on the Best Methods of their Preparation. By Mrs. Mary F. Henderson, Author of "Practical Cooking and Dinner Giving." Illustrated. pp. x., 234. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

An English author says, "The doctor, unsupported by the cook's material aid, and the cook, unguided by the doctor's knowledge, are two powerful agents, half of whose strength is paralyzed or misdirected." . . . The subject is an important one. A proper dietary is surely as essential to the recovery of an invalid as medicine. . . . A physician at the head of one of our medical colleges writes: "An experience of ten years in examining medical students reveals a tendency in them to consider themselves 'medicine men,' as is shown by the undue importance they attach to the pills, powders, and potions they are prepared to give. They ignore the great fact that upon a carefully selected diet the patient must depend for the natural strength which is to be the chief reliance in stemming the adverse tide."—*Extract from Preface.*

Latest Issues in
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

466. RUSSIA UNDER THE TZARS. By Stepniak, Author of "Underground Russia." Rendered into English by William Westall. With Portrait. 4to, Paper, No. 466, Price 20 cents.

463. THE RUSSIANS AT THE GATES OF HERAT. By Charles Marvin, Author of "The Russian Advance towards India," "Merv, the Queen of the World," &c. With Three Maps and Twenty-eight Illustrations. 4to, Paper, Price 20 cents.

	CTS.
456. Boulderstone. By William Sime	15
457. Wyllard's Weird. By M. E. Braddon	20
458. Gerald. By Eleanor C. Price	20
459. Lester's Secret. By Mary Cecil Hay	20
460. The Shadow of a Crime. By Hall Caine	20
461. A Week of Passion; or, The Dilemma of Mr. George Barton the Younger. By Edward Jenkins.	20
462. Lazarus in London. By F. W. Robinson	20
464. On the Fo'k'sle Head. By W. Clark Russell.	15
465. Captain Brand of the *Centipede*. By H. A. Wise, U.S.N. Illustrated	20

IN HARPER'S HANDY SERIES:

2. SOCIETY IN LONDON. By a Foreign Resident. 16mo, Paper Covers, being No. 2 in *Harper's Handy Series*, Price 25 cents.

1. THAT TERRIBLE MAN. By W. E. Norris, Author of "Matrimony," "Heaps of Money," "Thirlby Hall," &c. 16mo, Paper Covers, Price 25 cents.

The above works sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of price. Harper's Catalogue *sent on receipt of ten cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.